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NEW STATESMAN

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Caveat Emptor

'The *boobus Americanus*,' wrote H. L. Mencken when out of temper with his fellow countrymen, 'is a bird that knows no closed season – and if he won't come down to Texas oil stock, or one night cancer cures, or building lots in Swampshurst, he will always come down to Inspiration and Optimism, whether political, theological, pedagogical or economic.' This is the wrong year for British people to strike superior attitudes about the United States; but confronted with the Carter package of hucksterism and dubious 'uplift' it is hard to resist the conclusion that there is no other country where such a thing could have happened. The startling fact, as with Richard Nixon, is how unabashed the supporters and enthusiasts of the candidate actually are. They (and he) openly proclaim that the American people are looking for something to take their minds off their troubles. And since the customer is always right in the land of consumer sovereignty, palliatives and exhortations are what they have ordered and what they will get.

This is a pity, because if the Democratic Party really were looking for someone to bind up the wounds of Vietnam and Watergate, it would have done better not to choose a man who was consistently on the wrong side over Indochina, even going so far as recommending to Democratic governors that they should refuse to make the war 'an issue'. Beside the awkwardness of that memory, the fact that Carter favoured George Wallace as vice-presidential candidate in 1972 is almost a detail. Take any of the great debates which have opened up American politics in the last decade – over racial equality, the status of women, open government, urban renewal or democratic invigilation of foreign policy: Jimmy Carter either has no unambiguous position or takes a straight conservative one. The most often-remarked fact about him – that he says different things to different audiences – reflects his lack of any commitment to ideas.

Coming from a state of the union which became notorious in the 1960s for producing the 'pick-axe handle' Lester Maddox, Carter at least appears decent by contrast. But when he thinks it will suit him he is entirely capable of mouthing phrases about 'ethnic purity', ducking and weaving about school integration and referring to Sargent Shriver as an 'ultra-liberal'. Running as he now is against the strained Ford-Reagan Republican coalition, he will be able to reap additional benefits from comparison. It would certainly be unfair to deny him the status of lesser evil, and at least at the level of campaign programmes and promises he gives some indication of having learnt from recent history. It would be more reassuring if his circle of advisers and patrons did not include quite so many of the Rusks, Sorensens and Brzezinskis, whose dead hand gripped policy-making for such a depressingly long time.

In effect and in intention, Carter's campaign is against politics altogether. This Elmer Gantry-style populism is both his strength and his weakness. It has borne him through the primary process and the febrile atmosphere of a New York convention. It will not be enough to sustain him in the office of President. Wendell Willkie, his only predecessor as a nominated 'outsider', used to dilate on 'one world' much as Carter now talks about a 'healed nation' but, unlike Willkie, Carter seems to make an implicit distinction between the Government and people of the United States – a distinction which is formally repudiated by the Declaration of Independence. Perhaps half-conscious of this contradiction, Carter has opted for the language of faith and for the ostentatious consultations with his Maker which embarrass even his enemies.

There are two related risks which such a disingenuous contender must run. He may either become a model of conformity when ensconced in the Oval office, or he may come to believe his own propaganda. Either way, those who sincerely wish the 'healing of America' may find that they have bought a patent medicine which does not even conceal the symptoms. That in itself should be a warning against credulity. The modern democratic state may well be in dire need of more 'love and compassion' but it should be on its guard when honesty becomes 'frankness' and the brotherhood of man boils down to an ambition to be all things to all men.

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Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

Dear Dr Coggan

House of Commons
London SW1

Your Grace,

As I sit here on the terrace of the Palace of Westminster, looking across to Lambeth and wondering which bit you live in, and which bit Mr van Straubenzee lives in, and what happens in all the rest of it, it sometimes occurs to me that you might appreciate a letter. We all get lonely sometimes, don't we? and I hardly imagine you care much for the company on this side of the river. I shouldn't think, for instance, that you spend much time in the Bishops' Bar (although I am told they do a very good line in sausages) swopping facetiae with Lord Bradwell, or romping in the Bishops' Robing Room with that terrible Mervyn Southwark. I don't imagine that's 'your bag'. After a full day of exorcisms, comminations and churchings of women, I should think the most you want to do is to loosen your dog-collar, put up your feet and settle down with a book.

And yet it can be very pleasant here. I have just been watching a squabble between a group of black-headed gulls. The evening is cool, the sky is clouding over and a watery yellow light illuminates the scene. To the delight of everyone, it is about to rain. I presume this is thanks to your efforts on our behalf. If so, please accept our gratitude. If not, just what have you been up to during the weeks of drought?

Ah yes, I see what you have been up to. You have been advising your diocese on the question of immigration – a timely topic, and one on which it could be said that your word would carry some weight with a large number of people. What do you recommend? An attitude of 'reconciliation and friendship'? Good! As long as reconciliation means patching up a quarrel, and not mere resignation – as in the sentence 'You will have to reconcile yourself to the fact that these people have already been let into the country'. You begin: 'The forces of law and order must be supported in their resistance to every kind of illegal immigration.' Brave man – you have struck a blow for law and order.

And now: 'There must be a clearly defined limit to the number of those allowed into this country. There are signs that our present legislation needs a careful look at this point.' I think that here we have the keynote of your advice. Certainly, you must be aware that this point is the one that is going to hit the headlines: 'Primate: Curb Immigration', in the *Daily Mail*, for instance. We now know, politically, what company you keep. You follow this up with a softener, to the effect that we are a multiracial society and shall continue to be so; but this is unsatisfactory because you do not say why. What you say is:

Many of our immigrants are now second-generation immigrants. It is no good saying: 'Send them all home.' They are here to stay.

The moral nullity of this argument is impressive. You do not attack the spirit which says 'Send them all home' – you merely point out that it's not going to work. Indeed, you *are* talking in a spirit of resignation rather than reconciliation after all. The trouble is, you say, quite a lot of these people have been born here, so we can't send them home because they have no homes to go to.

Whereas I suppose it would be perfectly possible to send home the first-generation lot. You say that Christians must set their faces against anything that would make for tension, such as marches or inflammatory speeches. But I put it to you that your own little effort, with its technique of 'just hint a sneer and hesitate dislike', is hardly the most positive contribution to the dispute. You say: 'Recognising that the presence of immigrants often makes for very real difficulties – I am not unmindful of the problems in the realm of housing, language, education – the Christian attitude must always be one of reconciliation and friendship.' Your words will have been noted by those who believe that the problems of housing and education are *caused* by immigration. But I wonder whether you actually mean what you imply.

The other day I went back to look at a place in which I once lived – a square in the East End of London. For a long time the area had been run down, but what has happened recently is not the fault of immigrants. The house I rented was cleared of its inhabitants at the time of the property boom – there had been a family living on every floor; some were re-housed, I was finally paid to leave, and the enormous building, in a state of advanced decay, was put on the market at a price of £60,000. At that point, the property boom collapsed and the house has remained empty ever since. Much of the rest of the square is in the same condition: nobody can afford to buy the houses, or make them fit to inhabit.

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The place is a monument to the rationality of market forces. You might think to look at it that the square had gone down in the world. In fact what happened was that it went up in the world, and suddenly became so desirable that it was impossible to live in.

Such places are common in Britain today, and as the Government continues with a policy of high unemployment and low public expenditure they will become typical. Our poverty may save us from the lunacies of the road-builders, but it delivers us into the hands of slum landlords and racists. As for the immigrants, they are blamed if they live in slums, but they are also blamed if they get re-housed by the council or if they receive improvement grants for which they have had to compete with white families. They get blamed if they live in poverty and squalor, and blamed if they receive social security. They are caught on a logical fork of blame. For the African Asians (and I assume that when you talk about immigrants you are talking about coloured immigrants: I do not think you are particularly concerned about the white variety) the journey from one hostile country to another must be particularly dispiriting.

Your remarks in your diocesan letter do little to help them out. To call for a limit to immigration as you do is to set your seal of approval on the racist argument. It is also to ignore entirely the rights of those who are at present seeking entry to Britain. I should have thought that it would be easy for a Christian to accept, when a racial group is being pushed out of one country, that it should be welcomed by another. Indeed, I could imagine that there might be Christians who would be glad of the opportunity to receive such people with open arms. I could imagine also, since the Established Church is not elected, does not hold marginal seats, that it might feel free to maintain a principled stand on immigration at a time when politicians are equivocating on the issue. And, since I believe your church believes in the sanctity of the family, I could imagine that, where families are divided and wish to reunite, you might make it a point of honour to help them do so.

I could imagine all this, and I am sure that given an afternoon and a copy of Cruden's *Concordance* I could make out a sound theological argument to that effect. Surely somewhere in all that history of the wanderings of tribes, the sorrows of the Psalmist, the enslavement of peoples, surely in the teachings of Your Lord and his Apostles, surely even if only in the *Apocrypha*, or some presumed ur-text, or pseudo-Thomas or Dead Sea Scroll, or 'Q', God must have given some inkling of his views on the subject. You have said that the presence of immigrants is a challenge to study *their* religions, and at the same time gives an opportunity, 'lovingly and intelligently', to recommend Christianity to them. Quite right. But the question that intrigues me is – just what, in Christianity, you are going to recommend to a man to whom you deny the right to bring his wife to live with him, or a woman whom you prevent from marrying whomsoever she pleases? There must be answers to these questions. Perhaps you would care to furnish them.

Your sincerely,
James Fenton

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Alexander Cockburn

Jimmy Carter's Perfumed Garden

History, so the saying goes, is the propaganda of the victors and such has been the function of the Democratic convention this week for Jimmy Carter and his supporters. The delegates gathered here in the tolerable summer heat of New York have not been participating in a political function so much as in a rite of confirmation. The gavel gathers peaceful dust, the caucus rooms are deserted in favour of cocktail parties. Conflict surrenders to congruence in a ceremony of blandness starved of substance, bizarrely divorced from the history of the Democratic Party over the past decade.

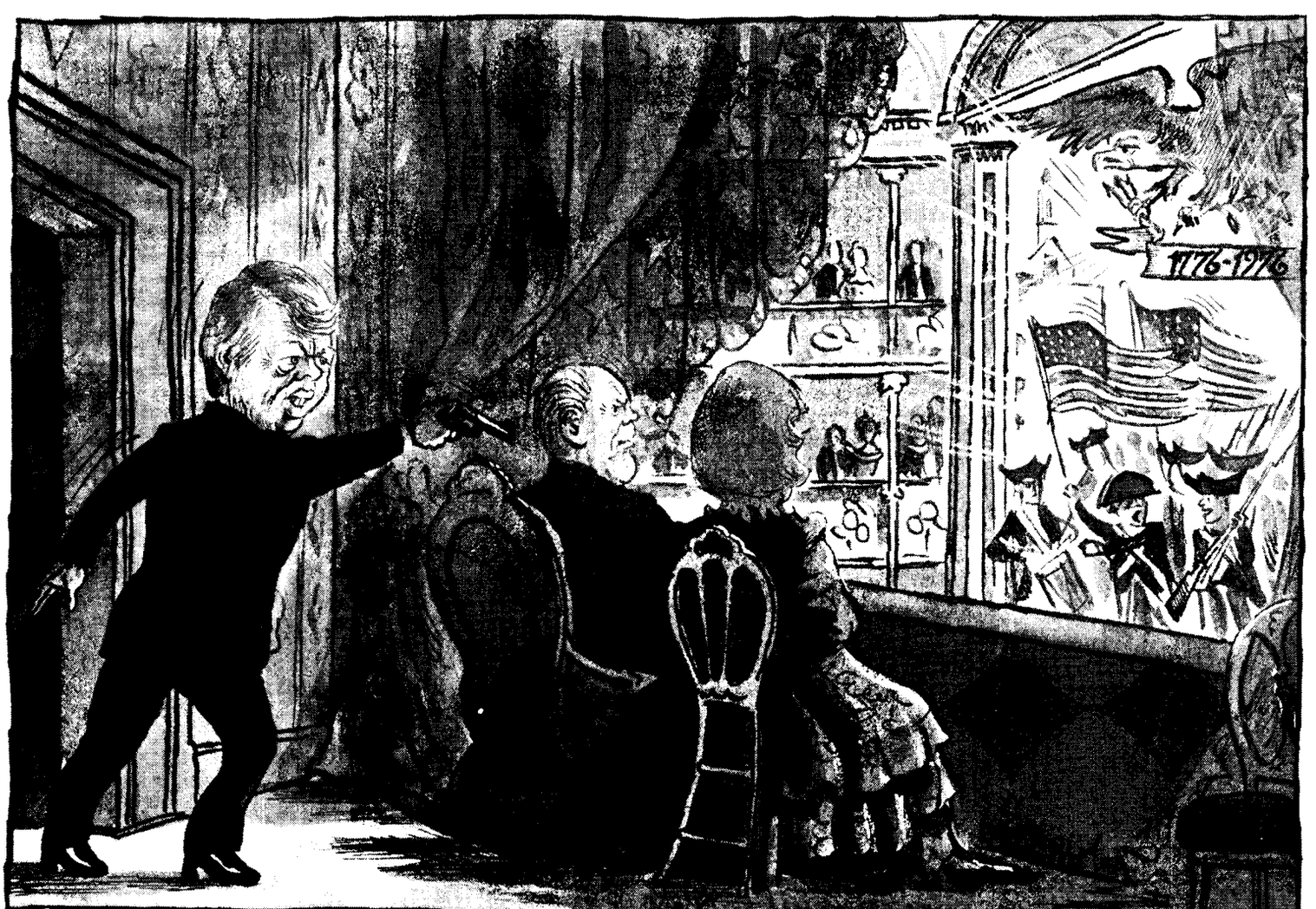
So all-pervasive has been the sense of peace that even ironies of contrast are somewhat dulled. Just four months ago one might have predicted a scene of political carnage in a bankrupt city. New York itself now enjoys a season of relative financial stability and the political proceedings seem almost an appendage to the harmonious celebration of the Bicentennial so recently concluded. The sludge of discontent may lie just below the surface but the river bearing Carter's vast argosy flows tranquilly towards election day in November and the broad oceans of power over the next four years.

There have been squabbles which could have matured into serious disputes. Women and blacks have variously striven to advance their interests, even preparing to surface their discontents in open struggle. Carter's political managers have easily quelled such commotion. The first recorded vote of the convention, last Tuesday, concerned a proposal that would have allowed discussion of three unspecified issues for 20 minutes each. Carter's forces crushed the suggestion by nearly 2,000 votes to 730. Such was the first decision this week of a party, which, four years ago, managed through passionate, procedural dispute to postpone George McGovern's acceptance speech till shortly before dawn.

Speakers by the score have come and gone from the rostrum. Some, like Barbara Jordan – the black Congresswoman from Texas – excited ovations. Some, like the astronaut John Glenn, provoked torpor. George Wallace whispered almost inaudibly from his wheelchair. Hubert Humphrey, amid another sentimental ovation, once again promoted the politics of joy. Mayor Daley, evicted from Miami in 1972, made his return and had the faithful Illinois delegation on its feet for three minutes waving pencilled placards ('We love our "Boss".').

But none of these speeches has particularly mattered, except to the vice-presidential candidates seeking to advance their chances. The overall importance of convention oratory, prior to Carter's acceptance speech, was jovially summed up by Robert Strauss, chairman of the Democratic National Committee. He confided to a friend that, despite the audience in the Garden and the millions watching their screens, he was really only addressing three people: someone who might one day give him a job, someone who might one day buy him a meal, and some woman who might one day soon express her admiration for his rhetoric in a suitable manner.

Of left-wing agitation there was almost no sign. Near the start of the week I attended a meeting off the convention floor designed to advertise the views of 'Democracy '76', a congeries of liberal Leftists eager to stress the basic ideals of the Democratic Party and pledging in a brief manifesto efforts to hold Carter to such ideals over the months, and maybe years, to come. It turned out to be a tepid affair, in essence an all-out-for-Carter rally. Over the course of one and a half hours not one single criticism of the candidate could be heard, scarcely even the traditional threat that if promises of full employment, a national health plan, improved conditions



'Apart from that, Mrs Ford, how did you enjoy the show?'

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for minorities, a liberal foreign policy and so forth were abandoned, then the liberal-Left would rise in tremendous and effective revolt.

The reason for this silence is plain enough to detect. No effective Left exists in any organised form in the United States today, and for those eager to discover its presence, if only in infancy, there is really only the evidence of a handful of former radicals elected to administrative posts around the country. For those preferring the spirit of resistance supposedly embodied in the counter-culture I might add that one of the major events of the week was the party thrown by the magazine *Rolling Stone*. The party was given for Jimmy Carter's campaign staff. It was the chic event of the convention, so successful that police barred the doors, leaving invited guests such as Warren Beatty, Jane Fonda, Ben Bradlee and Theodore White fuming on the pavement.

Yet, even so, the mood is bland rather than uproarious; and often, talking to delegates, I sense resignation. Carter's coalition stretches now from George Wallace through to Mo Udall to the labour unions beyond. He has the support of 'Scoop' Jackson and the support of McGovern. The gift offered by this coalition is access to power. But people are not foolish and they can look beyond November to the realities of Carter's presidency.

Will he raise or lower America's military budget, press decisively towards his proclaimed goal of 3-per-cent unemployment, reform federal welfare contributions to the cities, attack the energy industry? Installed in the White House, as well as in both Houses of Congress, what form will the Democratic Party take, at what moment the fragile consensus dissolve in the realities of late capitalist America? Hence the resignation or concomitant slightly desperate optimism. People like to refer to the delegate they have seen wearing a campaign button announcing 'I support Jimmy Carter . . . I think'.

There is the sense too that Carter's astonishing progress on the wheels of honesty, God and good government is somewhat unreal and may suddenly falter. Perhaps the election in November is not already settled. Polls show Eugene McCarthy, running as a third candidate in the autumn, attracting serious support, perhaps enough to sabotage Carter. Hence the furious concentration (inevitable anyway through lack of any alternative dramatic tension) on the selection of the Vice-President.

Two weeks ago I mentioned among the likely candidates for this post Fritz Mondale of Minnesota, John Glenn of Ohio and Ed Muskie of Maine. At the time of writing I cannot yet confirm prediction with known fact. But the pattern of these three has been clear enough. Carter is weak in the North East and industrial states. Muskie is a Catholic – a group deemed to be particularly wary of Carter. Mondale is a Northern liberal and thus a fortifying quantity for the resigned or the desperate (though anathema to Carter's anti-bussing supporters); Glenn, with no known other advantages, is thought capable of delivering Ohio. You will now know the answer to this dilemma for Carter, and I trust it has not been 'Scoop' Jackson. I would guess Muskie, if only for the nostalgic pleasure of hearing Republicans next autumn reminding people of how he cried amid the snows of New Hampshire four years ago. He would at least provide a sense of continuity.

Carter represents no such continuity, indeed a break with the Democratic past in many ways. For the first part of this week he remained secluded in his hotel, half a mile from Madison Square Garden. And at the convention hall one felt that all the delegates, supposedly determining the political complexion of their party, were purely spectators truly distanced from the future they were assembled to applaud, expressing degrees of faith rather than knowledge. And this, indeed, was the way Jimmy Carter always planned it.

New York

David Haworth

The Fix-It Summit

The clatter of self-congratulation at the end of this week's EEC summit meeting was mercifully brief and muted. As the participants knew, the issue of direct elections to the European Parliament had to all intents and purposes been previously fixed in that recent series of chummy bilateral talks between London, Bonn and Paris. No premier, therefore, had much stomach for presenting the final agreement as a summit 'triumph': the script was dog-eared, the audience familiar with its plot and two of the lead actors – Giscard and Schmidt – were themselves so bored by the occasion they wanted to end it on the first night.

Despite the slightly bogus aspect of the talks – like the totally unsurprising decision taken that Roy Jenkins should be the next Commission President – it was not a negligible event like the last summit. Everyone knew, of course, that the mathematics of seat distribution for the European Parliament had to be settled this time, as it had been twice fluffed before. Yet another disagreement would have been a mortal challenge to the rather dubious wisdom of EEC premiers holding thrice-yearly chats: in its present mood the Community can hardly expect more than one 'good' summit every 12 months.

Though nothing very decisive was expected to emerge from the other agenda items such as terrorism, fishing limits and unemployment. These problems are real enough; and the cliché about a useful exchange of views can be taken literally this time. As the Dutch chairman, Joop den Uyl, afterwards ponderously claimed, 'we excelled at objective discussion' – a fair enough verdict. It was almost as if everyone had been put on notice of good behaviour. Giscard d'Estaing, though occasionally peevish, was certainly in a constructive frame of mind. Chancellor Schmidt surprised his colleagues by not launching into his routine lecture about how others should run their economies. In the past his wealthier-than-thou attitude has been an understandable irritation.

But it was Callaghan who made the most favourable impact – a much changed man. While he still retains his unerring instinct for platitudes, by common consent his performance at the first EEC summit as Prime Minister was a large improvement on his erratic ways as Foreign Secretary. Giscard calls him 'Jim' without any hint of patronage, and Callaghan is so cheerfully confident he even risked a press conference joke about his failure as Chancellor of the Exchequer. It never seemed possible one would see the day Callaghan actually enjoyed an EEC appearance; but now that he will be here less frequently, and in a more elevated rale, it seems he might. The difficulties of his apprenticeship in this context have largely been of his own making, though he now seems to have overcome them. Good, because he will be presiding over one of these European councils in less than nine months. One tactic of chairmanship which may or may not commend itself to Callaghan, but which has been perfected by the Dutch, is what we might call the 'mumbling auctioneer' technique. The President mutters something his audience is not quite sure they have heard, then the gavel slams down and most of those present learn *post facto* they have agreed to something This trick was used twice. On the first evening to defeat the French move for wrapping up business in one session, and the next day during discussion about the vexed issue of EEC representation at meetings like the Puerto Rico summit. In no time at all it was 'agreed' there should be consultation between the Big Four and their smaller partners if another such occasion arises and that 'Community procedures should be respected' – whatever that means.

Callaghan afterwards commented drily that he may have had his headphones off at the time: 'I only just caught the words Puerto Rico,' he said, 'don't let anyone tell you that this part of our discussions was a major item.' But, sure enough, Den Uyl was minutes later telling the final press conference that emphatically there had been agreement in this instance. While no one in EEC circles uses a word like revenge, this in fact is what it was. The small countries got one back on their lordly bigger partners for the allegedly high-handed way they treated the rest after they had accepted President Ford's invitation.

The unease between the Four (or as some insist, with reference to Italy, the Three and a Half) and the Five was very evident throughout. Partly responsible is the reaction by the British, French and Germans against the relentlessly boy-scout attitudes of the Benelux countries, exemplified by the Luxembourg Premier-and-Foreign Affairs-Minister-in-one, Gaston Thorn, who pre-

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sided over the unfortunate first six months of EEC business this year. He was also at the time chairman of the special session of the United Nations and has since let it be known he would like eventually to take over Nato. The fact is that Thorn is a self-important nuisance. He wants it all ways: whining about stagnation in the EEC, he complains when Giscard and Co. put their heads together to find ways which will ensure progress is made.

Moreover, he was largely responsible for difficulties in fixing the European Parliament seats by insisting from the outset his 334,000 electorate should be given an allocation of six – thus creating the nonsense of the originally planned three seats for Scotland. Luxembourg is a greedy as well as pretentious little place with a vastly disproportionate claim on the Community's institutions and the highest standard of living in the Nine. To put it mildly, the Common Market has earned a rest from the noise of Thorn's publicity machine.

This puts in mind the other increasingly strident voice in the Community – that of Leo Tindemans, author of the report on European political integration. The summit's balance sheet looks better than it deserves because it did *not* give much consideration to the report. The Belgian Prime Minister is becoming impatient with this dilatory approach by member governments. 'If they don't do something about the report soon,' he was heard to say, 'I'll write another one about their failure.' Unfortunately, this task would be beyond him, for the fault lies more in the report itself. It has come to pieces under the close textual scrutiny of the Community foreign ministers. 'The Tindemans Report?' said one during an interval at the summit, 'It's dead.' And he looked surprised that this verdict was not already common knowledge. It is, apparently, regarded as intellectually sloppy – indeed, an embarrassment because its existence makes it impossible for another, similar exercise to be undertaken. Something might be rescued from it, but precious little.

Tindemans will naturally regard this as disastrous. 'If we don't work together, we'll cease to exist even as a small power in the world,' he says, adding that there is a danger that the EEC might soon become little more than a free trade area. On this point he is emphatically on solid ground: this process of deterioration is already well advanced. The further enlargement of the Community will make it inexorable. Do the heads of EEC governments recognise this? Or do they think direct elections to the European Parliament are a panacea? The summit offered no clues of clarification on these questions. Given the failure of Tindemans, direct elections offer the only possible rescue of the EEC from its current stagnation. It is unlikely to be enough even if those (like the Dutch) who want to give the Parliament more powers prevail over those (like the British and French) who do not.

For the rest, these regular summit meetings give the impression of forward movement by the Community. Step back a little, and they are exposed as a film-set illusion: the train passengers are static. Only the background is in motion.

Brussels

Tony Hodges

Crack-Down in Angola

While world attention has been focused on the trial and execution of the mercenaries in Luanda, more sinister developments in Angola have been largely ignored by the press. In the past three months more than 100 left-wing nationalists who played a prominent part in the country's war of liberation from Portugal have been rounded up by the political police, the DISA (Angolan Directorate of Information and Security). According to the Luanda daily, *Journal do Comercio,* the Government is demanding that some of the detainees be sentenced to death. The main victims of the crack-down have been supporters of the Active Revolt faction of the MPLA – a dissident grouping within the ruling party – and members of the semi-Maoist Communist Organisation of Angola (OCA). Among the detainees is the Rev. Joaquim Pinto de Andrade, a founder-member of the MPLA and one of the foremost leaders of the Angolan nationalist movement.

The official signal for the repression came from the Minister of the Interior, Commander Nito Alves, in March. Addressing a meeting in Luanda's Town Hall, he ordered all 'people's commissions' to be 'vigilant' and turn in known members of the Active Revolt and the OCA to the authorities. 'Because they are the cornerstone of reaction,' Alves charged, 'this operation is vital for the defence of the revolution, for the consolidation of our political position, and for our advancement.' He went on: 'All obviously reactionary individuals – those who individually are known to belong to the OCA, either as advisers, writers or propagandists, or those who have up to now been passionately loyal to the Active Revolt or have shown such an attitude – will have to be arrested.'

No specific charges are known to have been levelled against the detainees. Their 'crime', it would seem, has been their criticisms of the political course charted by the MPLA Government, particularly its campaign against industrial strikes and its agreement to allow foreign companies like Gulf Oil to resume operations in the country. The dissidents have been pressing for greater measures of nationalisation and the establishment of a 'workers' and peasants' government'. It is not yet clear whether the detainees will stand trial. If they do, they are likely to be brought before the People's Revolutionary Court, set up in May to judge 'crimes against the Angolan people' – the same body that tried the mercenaries.

The Rev. Jaoquim Pinto de Andrade, who was seized on 18 April, is the best-known of the political figures arrested by the MPLA. A former Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Luanda, he was elected honorary president of the MPLA in 1962. He played a central role establishing some of the movement's first cells in Luanda in the late Fifties and spent more than ten years in various Portuguese prisons. Andrade signed the 'Platform of the 19', the manifesto of the Active Revolt, in May 1974, accusing Dr Agostinho Neto, the MPLA president, of 'presidentialism' and demanding the convocation of the MPLA's first congress – which had been repeatedly postponed since the movement's founding in 1956.

Among the other Active Revolt leaders who have been arrested by the MPLA are the lawyer Gentil Viana, a former adviser to Neto; Rui Castro Lopo, a former commander of the MPLA's second military region during the liberation war; Manuel Videira, a doctor who served on the MPLA's eastern front during the guerrilla war; and Hugo de Menezes, another signatory of the Platform of the 19. The other group to have suffered the brunt of the repression is the OCA. 'The MPLA,' the OCA claimed on 23 April, 'has arrested dozens of outstanding revolutionary militants.' Among them are members of the secretariat of the coordinating body of the Neighbourhood People's Commissions of Luanda, Sirgado and Nogueira, as well as other OCA activists such as Henrique Guerra, who spent many years in Portuguese jails.

The OCA statement declared that 'the imprisonment of well-known nationalists and democrats belonging to the Active Revolt, who have been threatened with execution, such as Gentil Viana, Joaquim Pinto de Andrade, Liceu Vieira Dias and Manuel Videira (among others), represents one more step in the wave of repression launched by the MPLA against revolutionists and against all Angolan democrats and patriots.' The OCA appealed to 'all revolutionary and progressive political forces' to campaign for their comrades' release.

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Though the MPLA's drive against the Left has taken its harshest form since the end of the civil war, the first signs of a crack-down came last October – after the MPLA had driven Unita and the FNLA out of the capital and felt strong enough to start taking on its Leftist opponents as well. At that time, the MPLA closed down two radical papers, *A Voz de Angola* and *Poder Popular*, and arrested several left-wing intellectuals and militants. Among them was the editor of *Jornal de Angola*, Luanda's principal daily paper. Warned by friends, the paper's associate editor, Ricardo Ferreira, managed to flee after reaching the airport hidden in an ambulance. The purge, which was carried out under the guise of a campaign against the 'partisans of Trotsky and Bakunin', also hit at supporters of another left-wing group, the Amilcar Cabral Committees, most of whose leaders are today in jail.

One objective of the Government's repressive campaign has been to bring the Neighbourhood People's Commissions under firm MPLA control. Set up in mid-1974 as self-defence bodies to defend the African suburbs of Luanda from attacks by white racists opposed to decolonisation, the commission were at first independent of the MPLA. Though the young militants active in them sided with the MPLA against the FNLA and Unita, they were also critical of many MPLA policies, especially its opposition to the wave of strikes which rocked Luanda in the wake of the downfall of Caetano. So, in October, the MPLA forcibly dissolved all autonomous self-defence bodies – reorganising them in the People's Defence Organisation (ODP) with 'politically conscious elements' in the leadership and under the direct command of the MPLA's military hierarchy. In one instance (in the São Paulo district of Luanda), the MPLA sent troops to occupy the offices of the local people's commission and arrested nine of its leaders.

This dictatorial set-up – ironical after more than 15 years of struggle for liberation – is partly designed to force acceptance of the MPLA's highly unpopular no-strike policy, austerity programme and drive for increased productivity (a campaign symbolised by the government's Labour Discipline Law which states that 'work stoppages or strikes not conducted by the unions or union committees', themselves MPLA-controlled bodies, are 'crimes against production' carrying a jail sentence of up to two years).

Perhaps, though, such a policy record is not so surprising. It is, after all, in tune with the MPLA's oft-repeated invitation to the multinational companies to resume their exploitation of Angola's considerable mineral wealth.

Anthony Mockler

The Crime of Mercenarism

'You were a foreigner,' declared the People's Prosecutor, pointing his accusing forefinger at one of the bemused victims in the Luanda dock. 'You came to a country that was not your own from a land far away, you came voluntarily, you came with guns. What are guns for? For killing. You were paid for killing. You are a hired killer, a paid assassin guilty of aggression and invasion, guilty of crimes against peace, guilty of the crime of mercenarism.'

At such moments as these the eyes of observers tended to stray discreetly towards the Cuban soldiers guarding the courtroom. We had been proudly informed that they were all volunteers – no soldier had been forced to come. They were certainly foreigners from a land far away; they were paid – poorly indeed, but paid, whereas those in the dock had had only bait-money, then nothing more. I remember suggesting to one of the British defence lawyers that he should ask the presiding judge to imagine the unimaginable – that Holden Roberto and the FNLA had won the civil war, that in that very court-room these lackeys of imperialism had set up a tribunal to try a group of foreign prisoners who then would be on trial for *their* lives. With what crimes would they be charged? Wisely, the lawyer rejected this suggestion – not that that restraint saved his client.

Yet the point is one that should be raised; and now it can be raised without endangering any lives – for the dead are dead, and the nine survivors are no longer at risk of execution. It poses an issue that deserves to be considered, particularly by those who are instinctively in favour of an international convention outlawing 'mercenarism'. For if such a convention – and a draft known as the Luanda Convention already exists – is accepted in the same way as the Geneva Convention, the result in practical terms is likely to be this: that any foreign nationals involved in any civil war or rebellion or war between states will very probably *if they are on the losing side* be treated not as prisoners of war but as mercenaries and as such liable to be shot.

All very well, it will be argued, but it is not simply a question of legal status, i.e. foreign nationality, but also – and above all – of personal motive. 'Gus' Grillo, a Sicilian-American and by far the most astute and articulate of the 13 mercenaries on trial in Angola, certainly saved his life by fastening on this point and applying it to the Cubans. 'When I was in bed in hospital in Luanda,' he told the tribunal, 'there was a guard. I could see his face, a noble face, burnt by the sun. I asked who he was – a farmer, a cutter of sugar canes. He left his family, his life, his home which is his castle to come and fight here – and the key thing is: not for money. This really put me to shame. I didn't know where to hide; the difference between this man and me is so great.' Exemplary self-criticism, the communist journalists reported back to their papers; the Western press was rather more sceptical. But even Grillo did not claim that the mercenaries' motives were invariably mercenary: 'From what I see of the English mercenaries,' he said, 'some were conned into coming here, some came for money, some for adventure, some for lack of jobs. As a career it's very doubtful.'

And yet, in one sense, that is exactly what 'mercenarism' always has been – a career, a very doubtful and dubious career, but not in itself criminal. As another of the mercenaries, Lawlor, put it: 'I'm just a professional soldier, sir.' So was Xenophon – ancient Persia, not modern Africa, was his stamping-ground. As long as warfare has existed, there have been professional soldiers, particularly in periods of poverty and unemployment in their homelands, who have sought jobs abroad and under foreign employers. Is this so very wicked? Instinctively, the modern progressive reaction is one of distaste and disgust. But in an equally progressive and probably more reasonable age, the 18th century, the attitude was very different: war, the argument ran, is a barbaric pursuit to be undertaken strictly by professional soldiers who are paid for this unpleasant, dangerous and uncivilised task. It is not a point of view that finds favour today.

Of more immediate concern after the tragedy in Luanda – and it is both a personal and political tragedy – is the need to work out some clear and generally acceptable legal framework by which mercenary activities can be controlled. The situation is certainly not unprecedented. France during the Hundred Years' War was plagued by small mercenary war-bands, the so-called Free Companies, just as black Africa has been for the past 15 years; and a whole jurisprudence evolved which could perhaps serve as a guide for modern attempts. In many cases mercenary captains were tried and executed not for being mercenaries but for 'waging illicit war'. A licit war was one that fulfilled three conditions; it had to have a just cause (in practice a legal pretext); it had to be waged on lawful authority, by a king, prince or magnate; and it had to be a war in which the individual was infringing no personal duty by taking part – i.e. untainted by treason. Within this framework irregular war-bands were subject to the same rules of war as the regular feudal levies. If this legal framework were applied to modern mercenary activities, it would seem that 'Callan's' war-band, like Hoare's before him in the Congo, was waging licit war and that individuals should if captured have been treated, in theory at least, as prisoners-of-war and punished only if guilty of war crimes – thus Barker and Gearhart in any case should have been spared death.

This legal framework is surely not ideal; but the principles behind it are probably more realistic and, if accepted and applied, likely to cause less bitterness in the future – for future it seems there may well be – than the general outright sweeping outlawry of 'mercenarism' that is so satisfying to the prejudices and has just proved so disastrous to international relations.

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Christopher Price

Tameside Trauma

The saga of the Tameside 11-plus has now emerged from the High Court, with the verdict going unanimously, if somewhat sulkily, to Mr Mulley; but it is not all over yet – the Appeal Court has a record of interfering in these matters, and the children of Tameside will now have to wait for the 77-year-old Master of the Rolls, Lord Denning, to pronounce next week before they can be quite sure whether their parents have bought the right uniform for the right school next term.

First, for the uninitiated, the story so far. In 1972 pieces of Lancashire and Cheshire – Ashton, Denton, Hyde and Stalybridge – were spatchcocked together into a new metropolitan district: it elected a Labour council which drew up plans to go comprehensive, put them to Reg Prentice in March 1975, had them approved by Fred Mulley in November, and were all set to put them into operation in September of this year. Children were allocated, new staff appointed, buildings converted. The local Tories fought the May elections on an anti-comprehensive manifesto, and when they won they tried to bring back selection immediately. The teachers refused to run an impromptu 11-plus and the town hall workers refused to handle letters to parents: when Councillors Grantham and Thorpe, the new council leader and education committee chairman, persisted in their instant-selection, Mr Mulley declared their proposals at such short notice 'unreasonable', and instructed Tameside to revert to the original plans; once again they refused, and Mr Mulley asked the High Court for an order of 'mandamus'. On Monday he got it; if the Tameside councillors ignore this one, they could find themselves in prison for contempt.

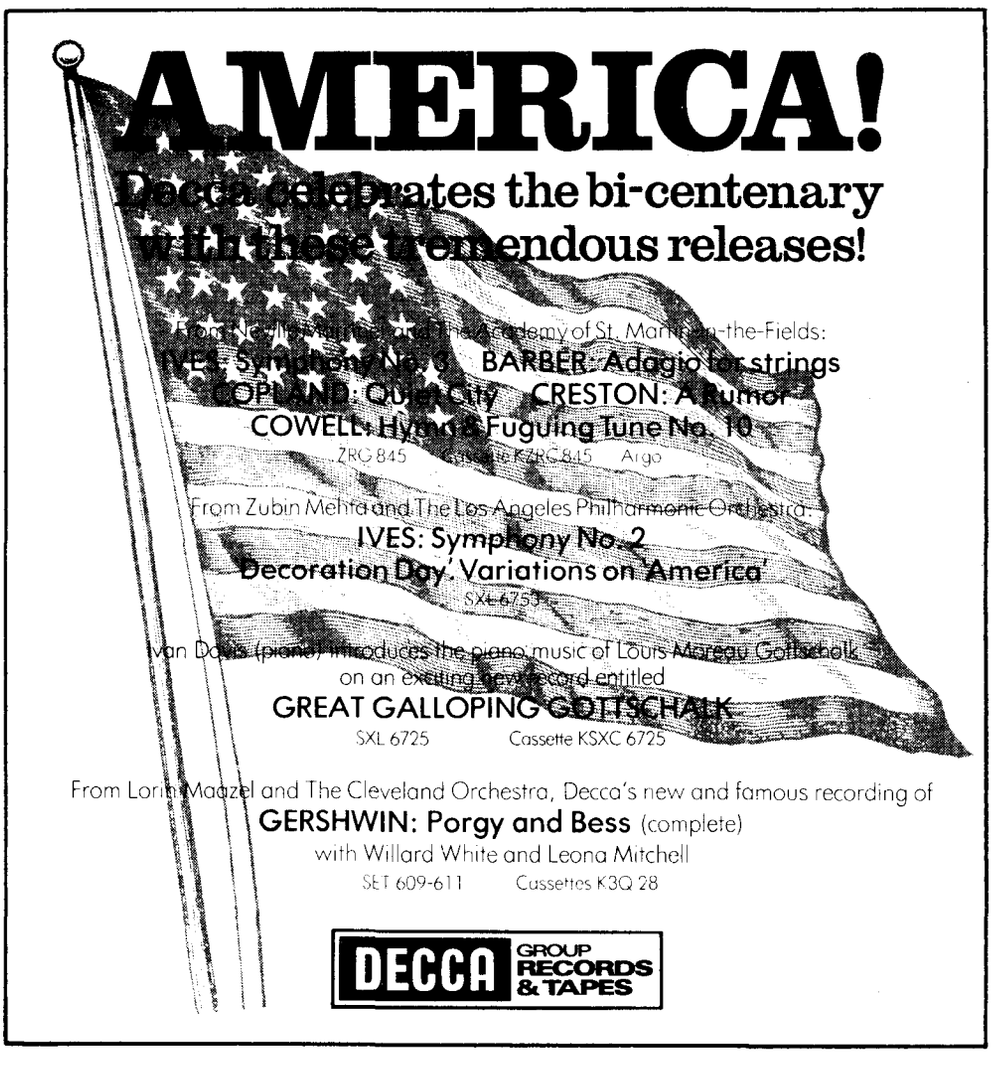
The legal wrangling went on for nearly two days last week in a hot and steaming court, which cut almost everyone down to size, from the judges, who doffed their dignity with their wigs, and transformed themselves into gnomelike characters out of *Dr Who*, to Mr Harry Woolf, the government barrister, who perspired his way through the 1944 Education Act, and made it sound less and less cut and dried the longer he went on. The Act said that as long as Mr Mulley was *satisfied* Tameside were behaving in an unreasonable manner, he could, under Section 68, tell them so and order them to mend their ways. So the onus of proof was on Tameside to show that no rational and fair-minded minister could have issued Mr Mulley's Section 68 directive. It was a tall order to which Mr Anthony Lloyd QC applied every ounce of Etonian suavity he possessed.

He began by whetting the judges' appetite, reminding them of all those occasions in the past that judges had slapped down ministers who thought they were acting quite legally. Widgery and his two colleagues beamed like Cheshire cats: the role of US Supreme Court Justices, guarding the constitution and keeping the executive in its place, was clearly an alluring one. Then Mr Lloyd coolly went on (he was the only person in the drama unaffected by the heat) to pour cold water on the whole 11-plus argument. Comprehensive, secondary modern – there really wasn't any real difference. A few 11-year-olds being sent to a couple of grammar schools. So what? What possible difference could it make to the other schools? Buildings? They were all very much the same. Teachers? They were getting their promised salaries, weren't they? It all added up to nothing at all. Just labels on school gates. (A fascinating line filched, had Mr Lloyd only known it, from the far Left.) No minister in his right mind, could imagine such minuscule changes 'unreasonable'. Mr Mulley was the unreasonable one.

In the end Mr Mulley won because in his final speech Mr Woolf finally got the point home that, however few grammar school places you have, you cannot pick the children at a few weeks' notice, the more so if the teachers are proving difficult. It took a long time because the lawyers in court were at a severe disadvantage in pronouncing on state schools of any kind. Rather like penguins discussing the Sahara desert. The result was clearly disappointing to Councillors Grantham and Thorpe and those Conservatives who hoped that the judgment would herald the resurrection of the grammar school.

There have been many occasions in the past when Tory councils have taken over in May on the brink of September comprehensive reorganisation, particularly in 1967 and 1968. None of them even suggested trying to do what Tameside have done, partly because of the manifest lack of time and the obvious disruption a change of plans would cause, but mostly because they were restrained by the Tory leadership at Westminster. Sir Edward Boyle, who was then in charge, always insisted that the welfare of children should come before right-wing ideology. But the consensus died when Boyle was pushed out and Mrs Thatcher began to edge Tory education policy to the Right in 1969.

When the two councillors came to London for advice, it was Mrs Thatcher's nominee, Mr Norman St John-Stevas, whom they met. It was a meeting of the extreme cultural poles of Toryism – the Lancastrian lumpen-bourgeois and the London clerical-dilettantist – and there were obviously severe problems of communication. Though Mr Stevas persuaded them to select for only two grammar schools rather than five, this seems to have been more an exercise in legal jockeying for position than any genu-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ine effort to solve the deadlock. It certainly failed to overcome the parents' principal objection. They had opted for comprehensives; the Tory plan turned them all back into secondary modern.

To be fair to Mr Stevas, his whole position as shadow spokesman is becoming difficult. Throughout the debates on the Education Bill he has had the twin heirs-apparent of Thatcher and Boyle breathing down his neck – the former in the shape of Dr Rhodes Boyson, who is fluent in the language of Tory Tameside; and the latter, Dr Keith Hampson, a former university lecturer of extreme zeal, youth and moderation. Mr Stevas has been teetering between the one and the other of late, and in her next reshuffle Mrs Thatcher may well want a clearer image for the next election.

Mr Mulley, on the other hand, must be breathing sighs of relief. Simply because education reform raises the middle-class heartbeat to fever pitch whenever their comfortable privileges are threatened, education ministers are increasingly vulnerable to legal sorties of this kind. And they can prove fatal. The political demise of Mr Mulley's accident-prone predecessor-in-office, Patrick Gordon Walker, can be traced back to the day when he issued a (quite different) order in connection with Enfield Grammar School which Mr Justice Donaldson – later to become President of Mr Heath's Industrial Relations Court – declared 'wholly unreasonable'. Mr Mulley has proved himself sufficient of a canny lawyer to get over this first hurdle. Round two will be argued in the Appeal Court next Wednesday. If the Tories win, they may even squeeze a few votes out of the subsequent publicity. But the children of Tameside will be the losers.

Corinna Adam

The Killjoys' Triumph

The Puritans have done it again. By the time Parliament rises this evening they will have contrived to preserve our lunatic, out-of-date licensing laws for the foreseeable future, causing no satisfaction to anyone but killjoys like themselves, the temperance lobby, and – to be fair – certain short-sighted sections of the brewing trade. Meanwhile they will have damaged, perhaps for the next decade or more, any claim we may have to be a reasonably comfortable and civilised country where people make their own decisions; they will undoubtedly have damaged the tourist trade on which we are increasingly dependent; they might even be accused, paradoxically, of disrupting family life.

What they will have done, technically, is to have contrived to find no time for the third reading of the Licensing (Amendment) (No 2) Bill, an eminently reasonable, not to say cautious, piece of legislation. Its twofold purpose was:

> to extend the permitted hours of licensed premises and registered clubs; to enable children to enter parts of licensed premises and registered clubs during permitted hours . . .

That was all. But there has been such a degree of emotionalism, such playing around with statistics, such intellectual dishonesty, such Victorian speechifying, that one might have thought they were proposing free hand-outs of methylated spirits in the classroom. It is a subject on which the British are absurdly irrational.

The history of our crazy, insulting legislation is well-known: that it stems largely from the 1916 Defence of the Realm Act, to keep munitions workers from arriving plastered at the factory. Since then, various attempts have been made to reconsider and reform it – the latest being the Erroll Committee report, put before Parliament in December 1972. It is an immensely detailed, admirably thorough report – 324 pages long, and containing evidence from anyone with the remotest interest in the subject (including the irritating statutory number of 'experts', often making their judgments only from American experience). At the end of the report, the committee made a number of recommendations on which the proposed Bill was based, but which in many cases went much further – such as, for instance, allowing young people aged between 16 and 18 to drink beer and cider, but not spirits. Under the Bill's provisions no one under 18 would have been allowed alcohol.

But the first question is one of opening hours. The Bill merely suggested, in effect, more flexibility. The idea was to create an 'additional hours order'. It could be made for any hours between 10 a.m. and midnight that the licensee asked for and the justices thought reasonable. The Bill placed on the justices the specific responsibility to take into account the 'comfort and convenience' of those working and living near the pub or club, so that any potential nuisance value could be considered.

Now there are various objections to this, most of which if not all were voiced by the MP for South-East Essex, Sir Bernard Braine. (Reading the committee reports, it comes as no surprise to discover that Sir Bernard holds the proud record of having made the longest back-bench speech *this century*.) The objections are familiar ones. Is 'the trade' against it, as he and his supporters claim? The answer seems to be no, although a majority of managers are opposed. The Licensed Victuallers, who represent the bulk of licensees, have detailed reservations but did not oppose the Bill *in toto*. Most of their reservations have to do with fear that the brewers would bring pressure on them to stay open all hours a day: but the brewers have now given an undertaking that they would not do so. Given the nature of such 'undertakings', this is the weakest part of the pro-reform argument. But it surely should not be beyond human ingenuity to devise a rota system (something on the lines of chemists) whereby the King and Keys opens from 10 till 5, and the Queen's Arms just down the road opens from 5 till midnight. And if Sir Bernard and his friends are right about the wickedly enormous profits to be made from extending opening hours, surely the managers and licensees would have enough cash to hire extra staff to reduce the burden?

The second – major – question is whether any extension would increase the danger of alcoholism. The opponents of reform believe that any extension in the availability of alcohol leads to an increase in crimes of drunkenness and of alcoholism itself, particularly among the young. Briefly, the figures here can be made to work both ways. It is like the argument about whether or not capital punishment acts as a deterrent: you simply cannot prove or disprove it.

But what the Bill further proposed, apart from the dizzying prospect of being able to buy a glass of lager on a hot afternoon, even a *Sunday* afternoon, was the admission not just of teenagers but of children into specially designated rooms in pubs. This was where the shock and horror of the anti-reformers grew to fever pitch, as one after another painted pictures of tots being abused by gin-sodden adults. In fact, all that was proposed was 'family rooms' – such as, incidentally, exist in many clubs – where children under 14 could be admitted under proper supervision to take a glass of lemonade with their parents and then only until 8 p.m. For heaven's sake, what would the country be coming to?

A further point, which should be of interest to socialists, is that the system as it now stands is a glaring example of one law for the rich and one for the poor. This is true in several ways. Surveys show that the working and lower-middle classes do most of their drinking in pubs, and drink at home only on special festive occasions: the middle classes drink at home at least twice a week and often every day.

Another injustice is the rule about restaurants. To take one simple example which happens to annoy me, and I'm sure I'm not alone. If I wish to take my children out for a hamburger at the weekend, and have a glass of wine while they drink over-priced soft drinks, I have to pay some 80p per hamburger. If we cross the road to the unlicensed Wimpy bar, we only have to pay about 35p. The quality of the hamburgers is not much different: I am simply paying for the privilege of drinking.

The last question which concerned the reformers was whether they might be accused of destroying the 'traditional English pub'. Their answer was again, as one might expect, that it would not. The justices would be under no obligation to grant orders, and only pubs with a proper room and 'type of trade' would be granted children's accommodation orders. To declare my interest, the sooner some of the 'traditional English pubs' as they now stand are destroyed, the better. But the Puritans have ensured their continuing existence, with all the drunkenness and rowdiness that can involve. They have achieved precisely the opposite of their original intention.

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Stuart Holland

The Case Against the Cuts

'The crisis which we inherited was not the occasion for fundamental change but the excuse for its postponement.' Such a statement, after a general election defeat in one or two years' time, could well provide the final verdict on Labour in the Seventies. If so, it is likely to have come about through the determination of the Government now to cut, cut and cut again at public expenditure rather than mobilise our resources in a new process of democratic planning on the lines of Labour's Programmes 1973 and 1976.

To many people in the Labour movement the cuts seem painful but necessary. Several ministers maintain that Labour's Programmes are all well and good, but not for now. They see profits in the private sector as too low and public borrowing and expenditure as too high. They claim that room has to be made for investment through 'relaxing' the price code and holding back wages; with inflation brought into line with our main competitors by the end of next year we can take advantage of the devalued pound, get jobs and exports moving again, and survive in a competitive world economy.

The Prime Minister and others in the cabinet seem to believe that a majority in the country accepts that the Government has no room for manoeuvre and no alternatives. But, politically, electorates tend to bite the hands of those who unemploy them. In economic terms the Government is hemmed in, but mainly by its own limited perspective. Its rationale for the cuts is wrong-minded and its claimed strategy wrongly based.

First, while no one can maintain that voting annual wage increases of 20 to 25 per cent can help either exports or real incomes, such increases are a thing of the past. The remarkable wage restraint secured with union leaders via the £6 and 4½-per-cent deals has abolished the case that the unions are holding the country to ransom. In fact, the unions have done more than was asked of them. They were sold £6 on the grounds that otherwise there would be cuts and rising unemployment. There has been no 'otherwise'. They got both anyway. Yet they still are backing the Government and giving it unprecedented support.

Second, the case that profits are squeezed by too much public expenditure neglects the fact that public expenditure at present mainly sustains private-sector profits. For one thing, less than a fifth of the value of goods and services comes from public rather than private enterprise; so for any £100 spent via public expenditure, more than £80 goes straight into the private sector.

Third, not all profits are being squeezed in the private sector. In particular, fewer than a hundred big-league firms account for half our manufacturing output, employment and exports. These giants are all effectively multinational in character, and able to understate UK profits by transfer pricing, or adjusting prices in the trade of goods and services with their subsidiaries abroad. In the US, the Rand Corporation has estimated that 40 per cent of income and trade figures have been falsified by this kind of technique.

Fourth, public borrowing for public expenditure has been inflated substantially because these big-league firms are not carrying their share of real taxation. State subsidies and incentives such as depreciation allowances and investment grants, plus the recent tax relief on stock appreciation, have reduced the actual tax paid by big business to virtually nil. In other words, the Government is not gaining the tax to finance social expenditure from the strongest producers in the system.

Fifth, making room for yet more profit in the big-league firms through relaxing the price code on the currently proposed lines (which on one City estimate could add 10 per cent to prices in the coming year) would mean a levy on consumers via inflation rather than the needed levy via tax on big-league firms. Such a policy will inflate prices but tend to cut back consumption, undermining the Government's own grossly optimistic estimates for both inflation and demand in the private sector over the coming three years (see further below).

Sixth, the main beneficiaries of such a levy on consumers will be the big-league firms with sufficient producer sovereignty to cream off higher profits without losing market shares. Since they are multinationals they can, and do, place much of their profit in foreign investment, in countries whose economies are better placed than Britain to benefit from any general economic recovery.

Seventh, the multinational dimension apart, there is no guarantee whatever under present policies that higher corporate profits will both be saved and invested in this country. It was Keynes who pointed out that the actual investment of savings depends on the animal spirits or profit expectations of savers and investors. If they have been depressed by deflationary go-stop policies for years, as in Britain, they will adopt either a defensive or a defeatist investment posture. This is one reason why the state loans agency, Finance for Industry, has only been able to find borrowers for a quarter of the £1,000m. which the Government gave it in 1974.

Eighth, there is no guarantee that our main exporters (including the 75 firms which account for half our visible export trade) will respond to devaluation and give us the room for manoeuvre next year which the Prime Minister expects. The big-league firms either are their own main competitors in markets abroad where they have located production, or are unwilling to undertake a major price challenge to others in the big league already there. If they made a killing in exports, granted the devaluation since 1971 – 60 per cent off the Deutsche mark and 40 per cent off the dollar – they would be mainly killing off their own profits abroad.

These are some of the main reasons why the Government is on the wrong course. Unfortunately, there are others. One is the simple arithmetic of its forecasts for the economy up to 1980. As set out in its expenditure White Paper this February, the Government assumed that there would need to be overall growth in GDP of just over 18 per cent between 1974 and 1979. Such growth would be necessary to achieve its objective of halving unemployment by 1979. But the Government's short-term forecast in this April's Budget projected that by mid-1977 GDP would be up less than 4 per cent on 1974, leaving a herculean 14 per cent to be achieved in just over two further years.

The London Business School, which is the only non-government institution to predict that far, forecasts an overall growth between 1974 and 1979 of less than 10 per cent, or only just more than half the Government's target. Accordingly, it estimates that unemployment will be higher than the government target, still over a million in 1979, and in fact beginning to rise again at that time. The National Institute expects unemployment to level off soon, but to stay above a million through to the end of 1977. Both the London Business School and the National Institute forecast a significant short-term economic recovery from now through the rest of 1976, but falling back in 1977.

No one on the Left should want a Labour government to be pessimistic about a future which it could influence by its own actions. But this paper prospect of 'growth in our time' seems wildly optimistic if it is to be based on public cuts and private expansion. For there are also predictions that the volume of imports will grow at least twice as fast as GDP over the coming 18 months, with further hammer blows for sterling unless the Government adopts new policies as part of an offensive international strategy with the IMF and other governments (see later). The kind of growth which it expects the private sector to mobilise makes the ambitious National Plan look conservative. Yet the planning framework which the Government so far has introduced is even less coherent than the National Plan itself.

For instance, not a single planning agreement has yet been concluded with a leading

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firm, far less the comprehensive negotiation of agreements – specified in Labour's Programmes 1973 and 1976 – with the top 100 firms which command half our assets, half our output and half our trade. The National Enterprise Board, which was supposed to buy controlling shareholdings in viable enterprises as a base from which to reinforce and promote success, has so far only salvaged failing firms and has its hands full with an aviary of lame ducks.

The discussions with management and unions which the Government has just concluded in some 40 Neddy working parties have no more binding force at industry level than the Neddy talks and hopes ten years ago – not least because the Government now, as then, is cutting back expenditure when it should be reshaping and expanding it. The talks are well intentioned, but they are Noddy in Millbank rather than new means and new tools to get on with the job of a genuinely planned recovery.

In short, the Government is counting on economic growth up to 1979 of a kind which would have graced the best years of the West German *Wirtschaftswunder*. But it is doing so with a domestic and Western world economy still on its knees, rather than surging on the waves of postwar reconstruction. The current short-term recoveries in West Germany and the United States – both during election years – should be seen in this context.

Super-Boom Era Over

The conditions of the postwar superbooms have come and gone – including the loss of management confidence that the liberal capitalist state can effectively manage capitalism. This confidence was largely inspired by successful state spending during the war, and a rising trend in public expenditure thereafter, with the rationale stemming from Keynes rather than successful application of Keynesian short-term management of private demand.

Of course, Keynes's own remedies for the depression of the Thirties do not fit this world recession now. For one thing, the structure of supply has changed since Keynes developed his policies of demand management. Leading firms now dominate a massively greater share of markets than they did in the Thirties. Their relative producer sovereignty gives them power to impose prices in key markets rather than take them from a sovereign consumer. As a result, most firms have substantially increased prices during this recession partly to compensate for the cash flow which they have lost through falling sales.

Another factor is the changed structure of company finance. The stock market, despite a recent recovery, has been financing less than a 20th of British manufacturing investment in the early Seventies. Most big firms now meet most of their needs from bank or bond borrowing (mainly on Euromarkets). Unlike stock market shares, the costs of this borrowing cannot be passed or lowered in lean years. It has to be paid whatever the economic weather. As a result, prices are not as readily lowered during a recession now as in the Thirties.

There is no real evidence that the Government has grasped these new perspectives. In orthodox Keynesian terms we should not reflate the economy since we have an 'inflationary gap' filled by price rises which are higher than the increase in productivity. But, in fact, it will only be through a selective reflation of demand, with sustained price controls, that firms will be able to cover their fixed costs and external borrowing through increased sales.

Reshaping Through Planning

If we really hope to transform this crisis we must reshape rather than reduce public expenditure and do so through planning both demand and supply over the medium-term where it now counts most – in the big-league private firms and public corporations. Such planning will need a new mix in the economy, with more balance between public expenditure and public enterprise, to make sure that enough leading firms actually look ahead longer than the current recession and lay down investment from now for the Eighties. But it would mean a re-mix of, not an end to, the mixed economy. It should mean planning as a process of negotiation – between government, management and the unions – on new options opened to society in a democratic framework rather than total state control or civil servants running industry. It should have three main dimensions:

(1) *Information from leading firms*, to both government and unions, on the strategic features of their corporate plans: *i.e. the volume of investment and jobs*, their overall location pattern in this country and abroad, their anticipated export contribution and import dependence (including trade with subsidiaries abroad). If the Government implemented Labour's Programmes, and the TUC's current recommendations, gaining such information from the 100 companies which account for some half of our key economic activity, it could throw the headlights on to the future rather than run hesitantly, on sidelights, into the dark.

(2) *Planning for Recovery* of our basic previous development. In other words, using such information from big business to spell out the difference between what it had planned in the early Seventies to be doing now, and what it has cut since the post-1973 recession. Through a combination of new public enterprise investment in companies (partly through the NEB) and planning agreements (backed by public purchasing where necessary), the Government could act as a broker in the firming up of inter-industry orders necessary to ensure that investment costs are substantially covered by guaranteed demand.

(3) *A New Model of Development*, with identification of a social bill of goods to be delivered through contracts for up to ten years, negotiated through planning agreements with industry and local authorities. The identification should not defeat good social democrats in areas such as health, housing, educational facilities, urban planning, transport and the environment. Good Europeans should be able to point to the parallel here, as elsewhere (in Labour's Programmes) with the common programme of the Left in France.

Such planning for a new model of development clearly would mean government and union disagreement with the criteria and horizons of some projects in the private sector. But there is no reason why this should not be a creative disagreement rather that the present stalemate of axed investment. Also, it is crucial to grasp that public expenditure, if planned via real negotiations with management, unions and local authorities, should actually improve rather than damage our trading prospects.

The feasibility of creative disagreement has already been illustrated by the Lucas Aerospace and EMI shop stewards. Put simply, the Lucas stewards have challenged the strategy of their company with an alternative corporate plan involving new products and techniques which have already been prototyped in the health, safety and transport sectors. They include kidney machines, sight-substituting aids for the blind, body monitoring devices, automatic braking devices for heavy road vehicles, telechiric or remote-control devices for mining, deep-sea diving and fire-fighting, a new road-rail freight vehicle, and so on.

Production for Social Use

These products are in markets where the public sector is already established but not undertaking mass purchases: the NHS, NCB, BNOC, local authorities and British Rail. If major purchases were negotiated and guaranteed, mass production would be possible, dramatically reducing unit costs and potential prices in export markets. For instance, it has been estimated that higher-volume production could reduce the cost of kidney machines by as much as a third. Combined with the present value of sterling relative to other currencies, a guaranteed home market via such new use of public purchasing could give us the kind of gain which defence and space expenditure has given US manufacturers in writing-off research and reducing production costs.

Clearly we cannot live by kidney machines alone. Nor does one Lucas project augur a new summer rather than coming winters of discontents. But the potential has been illustrated in a manner which the Government could actively encourage in the broad sectors of the economy where public expenditure gives it bargaining influence on enterprise. If extended by planning agreements on the lines strongly urged now by the TUC, real perspectives could be opened on production for social use and a model of development changed by our own actions – rather than waiting for recovery abroad.

It is in such a new planning context that the NEB and other new public companies should operate. If it did so to effect, it would need the £1,000m. a year advocated by the Labour Party NEC and the TUC rather than the £1,000m. outright (mostly allocated already to British Leyland) which the Government has scheduled so far. The multiplier or spread effects from such an annual sum (equal roughly to one third of recent manufacturing investment) would go a long way towards promoting the doubling of manufacturing capacity which we need over the next ten years if we are to survive as a modern industrial economy.

Such expenditure is only unrealistic if

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we stay hidebound by conventional policies. In fact we could gain such a sum through restraint of the net outflow of £1,000m. on our capital account in recent years, or the £1,000m.-plus which looks likely to escape investment in Britain this year on Bank of England projections. Potentially, in fact, we could mobilise up to £6,000m. of total expenditure in the industrial and social sectors by better use of public and private money generated in Britain. In addition to the restraint of capital outflow, the cash could come from (1) shifts from defence into civil production – on the lines above; (2) the placing of a share of pension and insurance funds into productive investment; (3) an income-related reduction of tax relief on mortgages and a more progressive national insurance contribution; (4) more effective taxation of the big-league firms which at present are understating profits and paying negligible tax; (5) a claw-back from leading firms of the recent tax relief on stock appreciation, and (6) bringing forward the wealth tax which Denis Healey promised – in Opposition – would 'swinge' the super-rich but which – in government – he postponed.

This is independent of some further £10,000m. tax yield which the Government would gain if it actually realised its target for GDP growth through 1979 – a target it might achieve if it planned on the lines of Labour Party policy.

There remains the albatross of Labour aspirations: sterling. But – technical solutions apart, such as offering to index some holdings on a bond basis – we could cope with the sterling problem if our basic policies were sound, and well advocated. Internationally, the Government should show more Gaullism in its financial bargaining. If sterling sinks much further through lack of foreign support, the 4½-per-cent deal could collapse through rising import prices. If the social contract goes, the Government could go, with a minority government, dependent on Nationalist votes, raising the question of who really cashes North Sea oil.

The further fall of sterling would intolerably strain an already fragile international payments system and threaten the recovery in world trade on which strong-currency countries such as the US and West Germany are counting. The Chancellor should tell them to stand by now to pay up later for their own sakes, not ours.

In short, this may prove the last majority government with a chance to govern a United Kingdom. If it stays on the defensive, and carries out the cuts, its members could well write their names on the headstones of both Labour and national history. If it keeps an open mind and takes the offensive, even at the eleventh hour – it could open up a genuinely new deal for the people, and make the crisis the occasion for fundamental change rather than the excuse for its postponement.

Gamini Seneviratne

The High Price of Montreal

When you emerge from Viau station, in Montreal's metro system, you veer right if you want the $1,000m. concrete complex that houses the heart of the 21st Olympic Games. The exit you ignore, the one on the left, leads into the street named after the founder of the modern olympic movement. Baron Pierre de Coubertin. It is just as well. Few of the late Baron's high, if narrow ideals remain; and none knows this better than the 6 million people of the Province of Quebec, a third of whom live in Montreal and its suburbs. It is they who will, one way or another, have to foot most of the enormous bill of at least $1,400m.

Earlier this month, in separate deals, the Olympics Installations Board (provincial) borrowed $700m. from seven Canadian banks and a group of US financial companies led by the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, and the City of Montreal got a loan of $100m. from a syndicate led by Westdeutsche Landsbank Girocentral. The OIB, at least, did not make a secret of the fact that the loan was to part cover the $1,000m. Olympics deficit. The host city still maintains an Olympian aloofness from its financial responsibilities — not even accepting the $200,000 share of the costs which the provincial government says it must pay. But Montrealers are already paying dearly for the Games, about which they were not consulted and which hardly any of them now want. The social cost to the city of this politico-commercial extravaganza may never be itemised. What is inescapable is that every major development plan and programme in the city – housing, energy, water, sewage disposal, transportation and public recreation, to name some areas – has been cut back or postponed.

The Russians have brought their own water supply to the Games. A wise precaution as Montreal has come close to a water crisis every July in recent years. Providential rain has rescued the day so far. It has been raining this year, too, but with an estimated 1 million more people in the city for the Olympics the danger of a shortage must be real. Montreal is an island city, yet not a drop of the water around is fit to drink before it is treated. The Montreal Waterworks in Verdun was built to treat 350 million gallons a day and manages about 15 million gallons more. This year the city was to have a new filtration plant. But the first phase cost has almost doubled (like everything else) to over $300m. and it will not become operational until at least this time next year. Montrealers point to the long overdue sewage treatment plant, the construction of which was to have begun in February last year, as yet another casualty of the Games. Early this year it was put off by four years.

The provincial government has officially admitted that a number of programmes will have to suffer because of the Olympic debt. For example, the James Bay hydro-electric project, which was to cost between $12,000m. and $15,000m. and double Quebec's current hydro power has been postponed indefinitely. In June, the provincial Minister of Public Works, William Tetley, advocated a five-year financing plan to limit spending in Montreal. Among the specific cuts he suggested was halting the underground railway extension several stations short of the long-planned terminus at Cartierville.

Perhaps the most serious impact of compulsory expenditure cuts will be in Montreal's housing. This is also the area in which the damage will be most difficult to assess because the city has fallen disastrously short of both need as well as targets in the past ten years at least. In 1971, the City Housing Authority estimated that some 100-150,000 housing units needed to be urgently restored. Mayor Jeanne Drapeau, in his 1974 election campaign, promised to restore and build 10,000 units a year to a target of 100,000 units in 10 years. In fact only 574 housing units were completed in 1974 and 1,343 last year.

But the consequences of the Olympics which Montrealers fear most are not assessed in dollars. Certainly the massive security drive is frightening. Ottawa admits that the Canadian army is mounting its biggest manoeuvre since World War II. At the Games the military will handle everything, even down to checking results and communicating with the international press. Throughout Montreal, over the past several weeks, the police have been systematically raiding bars and public places. The city has been cleared of tramps and anyone remotely resembling a 'drop-out'. In parts of the city all residents must wear their identity cards round their necks for the duration of the games.

At the end of it all will be the dollar reckoning. Some $400m. is expected from the Canada-wide lottery, the sale of Olympic coins and stamps, television rights and fees from companies like General Motors and the Coca-Cola people for rights to use the symbol of the Montreal Games. Mayor Drapeau has argued that the Olympics were an opportunity for Montreal to obtain free what it would otherwise have had to pay for. In fact little of the Olympic complex is of any real use to the city.

In Amsterdam, on 12 May, 1970, Mayor Drapeau promised the selection committee of the IOC that the Montreal Games would be 'modest and self-financing'. They would cost no more than $124m., he said, and the taxpayer would not be charged a single cent of it. To date, he refuses to accept the $200m. that Quebec says is the city's share of the Olympic debt. But Quebec and Montreal know that most of the debt will be extracted through taxation. One levy, the province-wide tax on tobacco sales, has been in force for months. To the widespread protest against it, Premier Robert Bourassa responded: 'Quebecers who don't want to pay for the billion-dollar Olympic Games debt should stop smoking and help reduce provincial health costs.' Let them eat cake.

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Tony Simpson

Muldoon Plays it Rugged

'The thing that strikes one about New Zealand politicians,' wrote Beatrice Webb after a visit in 1898, 'is their almost total vulgarity'. The tradition she noticed has lost none of its vigour with the passing of the years. Robert Muldoon, whose National Party swept to power in a landslide victory in November 1975, stands squarely in this tradition.

The slogan to which he orchestrated his campaign – New Zealand The Way *You* Want It – aptly summed up the populist style of the new Government, although a mere nine months after the demise of the Labour Government of Bill Rowling even some National supporters are beginning to wonder if they have not got considerably more than they actually wanted.

Like most governments of a populist nature, either of the Left or Right, the Muldoon Government has shown itself unimpressed by the constitutional niceties and has, instead, preferred to exercise power naked and unadorned. Shortly after the election the Government therefore moved to repeal the Superannuation Act of the previous Administration, not, as is usual in democracies of the Westminster type, by the means of Parliament, but by the rather less used expedient of issuing a press statement telling employers and workers that they were no longer bound by the mandatory provisions of the legislation. The implications of such a step did not escape the attention of trade unions nor of the Law Society, but when the former sought to bring criminal proceedings against the Government under the Act they found themselves outmanoeuvred by Attorney-General Peter Wilkinson, who exercised a little-known and rarely used executive power to stay the proceedings.

Wilkinson's powers did not extend, however, to the activities of a private citizen, Paul Fitzgerald, who brought a civil action seeking a declaration that the prime minister was exercising a 'pretended power'. In the course of the hearing the Solicitor-General, Richard Savage, proposed a novel interpretation of the rule of law. 'Public interest,' he opined in defence of the Prime Minister, 'requires a strict observance of the law when it deals with matters that go to order and stability in society, but is not perhaps so crucial when concerned with law that relates to social policy.'

Chief Justice Sir Richard Wild belongs to an older school of jurisprudence and found for the plaintiff. In so doing he invoked the 1688 Bill of Rights for the first time in a published English case since 1766 and drew attention to its value as a bulwark against tyranny. An unchastened Muldoon appeared on television on the night of the decision to suggest, in a fit of barely concealed pique, that Sir Richard's knowledge of the law was defective, but knowing full well that with Parliament in session from 23 June the Chief Justice had, perhaps, wittingly, provided the Opposition with a sizeable stick with which to belabour the Government.

The opening of Parliament was itself a harbinger of things to come, marked as it was by a demonstration involving 10,000 people, the largest demonstration outside the Parliament House since the Depression. Many were trade union members, protesting against the proposals to amend the industrial law under consideration by the Government. This policy proposes ballots in all industries to test opinion for or against the present system of compulsory membership of unions. A vote against will not, however, as might be logically supposed, lead to the introduction of voluntary unions. Instead the workers will pay their union dues to the state, which will appoint the union officials. Union leaders have not been slow to point out the similarity between these proposals and the practice of certain corporate states, but the Government has been unimpressed by such accusations. Instead it has gone on to announce a total freeze on the negotiation of industrial agreements for the next 15 months, a move which has so angered the union movement that they have embarked on a nation-wide series of rolling strikes in major industries coordinated through the Federation of Labour. That the union movement, usually divided, can act in so concerted a fashion, is an indication of the grim polarisation of New Zealand society.

Others who came to the Parliament grounds were concerned less by domestic matters than by the foreign policy initiatives of the new Government. Under Labour the main thrust of foreign policy had been toward neutrality, a Pacific role, the New Zealand aid responsibilities in the region and an end to the Pretoria connection. These were new directions in policy and they found little favour with significant sections of the electorate. Muldoon has therefore felt relatively safe in reversing them although he was ill prepared for the vigour of the reaction of those who opposed the reversal.

It was a curious situation. While the United Nations was passing a New Zealand-sponsored resolution on a nuclear-free Pacific, the Government was inviting nuclear-powered and armed United States warships to use New Zealand ports for rest and recreation. Muldoon has found a justification for this about-face in the presence of a Russian fleet, alleged to be a threat to the security of the region, in the Indian Ocean, and he has given short shrift to those who have suggested that there is very little justification in his claims. But this controversy, angry enough in its way, has been little more than a curtain-raiser to the main match over the re-establishment of relations with South Africa.

Not unnaturally the arguments have turned about the question of the current All Black Rugby tour, a topic hotly debated since 1960. It is one of those arguments made bitter by an almost total lack of common ground between the protagonists. In the debate there is little doubt where the Government stands. Many members of the cabinet privately support apartheid, whatever they may say publicly, and refuse to believe that opposition to the tour is other than the work of a small band of extremists. In May Muldoon felt able to pronounce the anti-apartheid movement dead. Less than a week later a massive anti-tour demonstration wound through the streets of Wellington, giving the lie to his words. 'This,' said Trevor Richards, leader of the Halt All Racist Tours organisation, 'is the liveliest corpse I've ever seen.' To allow the tour to proceed after the recent events in Soweto was a provocation the African Third World countries have not been prepared to ignore, and it now looks very much as if there will be a wholesale boycott of New Zealand at the Montreal Olympics, a threat which has brought home to New Zealanders in a way nothing else could the direction in which they are being taken by the Muldoon Government.

But the malaise which afflicts New Zealand society runs far deeper than arguments over superannuation law, trade unions, and Rugby tours. They are indications of a crisis which has been broadening and deepening since the end of the second world war and which has been brought to a head by the present international economic difficulties. In the past 30 years New Zealand has ceased to be a rural economy and has become instead an industrial agricultural society. The stress is on processing, not on primary production. Less than 10 per cent of the work force is actually engaged on the land itself; New Zealand is more highly urbanised than Japan or France.

The result has been that it is no longer possible for the majority of New Zealanders to live in the manner to which their fathers and grandfathers had become accustomed but they have been unable, or even unwilling, to come to grips with their new society and the new world which it inhabits. Whatever may be the reality the national mythologies are still those of a simple rural society in which the answers are simple because there are so few questions. Thus the radical populist style of the Muldoon Government, which is squarely in the political tradition remarked by the Webbs, eminently suits the mood of New Zealand; it is in the style of the Government rather than its acts that the key to an understanding of recent New Zealand political events is to be found.

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New York Diary

☐ The wind of rhetoric blows so loud in Madison Square Garden that the microphones should howl in protest, the cameras collapse and the satellites sink into the sea. As it is, the fantasy has us by the throat. Insulated by barricades and glass doors, guarded by cops and isolated from the America we're here to discuss, we are part of the process – processing politics, processing democracy, processing ourselves. The air is heavy with soggy conviviality and the 'Spirit of 1976'. The convention keywords, uttered with a terrible personal integrity, tied up in effortless clichés, float from the platform to be wafted across the world: morality, dignity, faith, confidence, compassion, decency, pride and, like a sledgehammer to the mind – unity. Only punchbags listen for long. The delegates care not what is said and rarely listen so that only the very best orator has the power to break through the chatter to be heard at all. But then they don't need to listen since they are part of the act.

☐ Naturally, since we bear the great news, the members of the media greatly outnumber the delegates. There are some 10,000 of us altogether and we have transformed noisome predictability into a nightly entertainment which could run and run. We are not, it is true, a particularly edifying sight. We push and we shout, we throw tantrums, we trip over cameras, cables and each other – but we matter greatly. Delegates leap at our command. A word with Walter Cronkite? You mean with me? Now? On prime time? CBS and NBC, who between them have spent more than $10m. on this convention, who employ more than 1,000 people to cover it, matter the most. But the typewriter counts as well. There are 700 newspaper reporters here to spread the word – that the Democrats are united.

☐ The old liberal guard have crumbled without a murmur. The party's symbol of the past, Hubert Humphrey, was greeted with much sympathy but failed to touch the mood of the convention. With Walter Cronkite afterwards he was in relaxed elder-statesman form and it suited him well. Those close to him know that he wanted the nomination desperately, that through vanity and miscalculation he lost his last chance; but on the platform he spoke in the old way and the audience stopped listening. He tub-thumped, and they liked that, but he talked too much about welfare and unemployment, and the old, and the cities, and he sounded too much like a spokesman for the old New Deal. He failed to speak the language of ambiguity which forms the lie at the heart of this convention. The new Democrats, choosing unity as the price of power, wish to caress the nation with a forked tongue; they will care about you all, love you all, but won't waste your money on *all* of *them*.

☐ In the vacuum thus created we seek other entertainment. No political sideshow in history (with the possible exception of the struggle between Steel and Pardoe) has had so slavish an audience as the nomination for Vice-President. Day after day, with Carter beside them, they have paraded before us, saying nothing nicely. My favourite, and unfashionable, choice – and by the time you read this probably doomed to oblivion – is the good spaceman Glenn. They introduced his keynote speech with a film which proved that he signs lots of documents in a big office, has a wife and several pretty children, has travelled much further than you or me at much greater risk and has a way of his own with the English language. In his address he explained that he had 'an unquenchable optimism about what this country can do if we just do it' and he was certain that everyone in this nation can do something for America in the 'time-period' alloted to him. Asked on the radio what he might do, he said that he would have to decide that 'in the context of the space-time continuum in which we then find ourselves'.

☐ Even protest is processed. Everyone knew in advance who would be there and at what time. To reach their positions outside the Garden they had to negotiate a maze of barricades put there for the purpose. Squads of policemen guide them to their allotted space and then take up positions to protect them from the onslaught of cameras which ensues. Once photographed, counted and questioned, they stand and wait, proving that American democracy is alive and well. The Yippies were there, the Gays, the women and the whores. There was one surprise, a nice man with a bald head and beard dressed in a white robe and wearing large silver wings. He carried a wooden harp and said he was 'angelling'. He said he could get through the door only on his knees. Since he was on the pavement at the time, I imagine he was referring to heaven.

☐ Some things don't change. Mayor Daley may not be the force he was in the days of gas and batons but he still has Illinois where he wants it. At the caucus meeting of his delegation he concluded with the instructions: 'Right, we're unanimous for Carter.' At which a voice stammered from the back of the room: 'Well, I'm committed to Udall and I want to stay with him.' 'All right', rasped Daley, 'then we're unanimous without you.'

☐ New York is cashing in on the process. The people here are very nice. I know it because the man from the Mayor's Apparel Office said so. He had invited the press and delegates to a 'block party' in a street off Seventh Avenue. Flourishing my pass, I was permitted to cross the police cordon and join the fun. There was a fashion show at one end of the street, where ageless young models tripped along a stage to a piped song about the Pepsi Generation. At the other end, in a very luxurious gallery which belonged to the Fashion Institute of Technology, many large gentlemen from the Midtown Realty Federation drank cocktails and hailed each other with violent bonhomie. A Mr Tatum, who is Director of the Apparel Office, asked everyone 'to enjoy what we enjoy' – and so most went on drinking. Incidentally a block party is supposed to be a community street party, but since the party was for 'VIPs and press' only we had to rely on Mr Tatum's word about the nature of New Yorkers. I should make clear, too, that he does not dress the Mayor but promotes the fashion industry.

☐ You eventually find reality in the search for fantasy – among the peep shows and porn shops of Broadway, where the massage parlours have signs up to welcome the delegates and offer them complete satisfaction for a mere $10 a . . . well, as they put it, a rub. In Times Square one afternoon I saw an old lady mugged. Her attacker knocked her down, tried to snatch her handbag, failed and raced down the street pursued by two policemen who'd been standing nearby. They caught him and pinned him to the ground. The old lady was white. The mugger was black. Within seconds two crowds formed – one white, one black, staring at each other, silent and hostile, until the mugger was bundled off to jail. Five minutes later a score of policemen descended on 42nd Street, put three young blacks against a wall, searched them and then drove them away. Thus New York deals with the crisis of the inner city. The prevailing political wisdom is that the crisis cannot be solved by money, which is another way of saying that whites won't vote for spending on blacks.

☐ At the centre of this week, looming over all, is the smile, the eternal smile which tells us nothing. But the daughter says a little. Amy Carter is eight and when she is nice she is very nice. I met her at a party. A friend of daddy's came up and gooed. 'Hi,' she said in flat indifference, and then after a perfect silence – 'Bye'. She learned that somewhere.

Jonathan Dimbleby

This England

Prizes: £1.50 book token for first entry, £1 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ The Lord Chief Justice's new guidelines on identification evidence will make 'no difference' to police attitudes and conduct, according to the Police Federation. Its chairman Leslie Male said: 'Judges seem to spend their lives these days making things difficult for the man on the beat.' – *Sunday Times* (Vicki Rowsell)

☐ It's no use seeking help from Britain's leading rainmaker, 56-year-old Mrs Doris Munday, who claims to have ended droughts in China, Peru and India. 'I could probably flood London tonight,' she said, 'but every time I bring rain something awful happens. Last week I ended a drought in Guernsey and my washing machine blew up. When I soaked the Test match someone hit my car.' – *Daily Mail* (Pat Sweet)

☐ Customers who complained of the food served at the Shahbag tandoori restaurant in Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead, were attacked by club-wielding members of staff. Eight or nine men, some armed with broom and mop handles and one with an iron bar, severed an artery of one customer and severely bruised several other diners. – *Hampstead & Highgate Express* (Daniel Moonman)

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Anne Bennett

Dream Child

'Don't want to lose her, but I think she ought to go,' hummed Arthur. 'Who, Arthur?' 'You, darling,' he said, 'off you go to the Poly, back you come with the CQSW. It's what we need. Professional status. Improve the image.' It needs it, I mused, all our clients are down among the D's and E's. The Queen never consults a social worker, and I bet Tony and Margaret never went to marriage guidance. But then who in their right mind would go to marriage guidance?

I do send some of my clients off there when I can't think what the hell else to do with them. Last week I was reduced to that ploy with a fellow whose wife was in love with her son-in-law – which was worrying the husband and daughter more than the wife. I suggested they all go, but the husband said they'd been there already, and marriage guidance had sent them to us on the grounds that the problem was psychosocial rather than marital. So I told him that, not being married myself, I felt unable to deal with the matter adequately, and shoved them on to Arthur – who hasn't forgiven me yet.

I went off to visit the Hodges, and asked the direction of an old soul pushing a pram. 'Do you always push your dog about?' I asked her, a Jack Russell not being what you expect to see when you peer under a pram hood. 'Well of course not,' she wheezed, 'he always walks down, but it's a hill coming back. You want the second turn down there.' An adoption society had turned the Hodges down. They wouldn't say why. 'See what you make of them,' they said.

The house was so clean and tidy it positively shone. I felt I ought to take my shoes off. 'We both love children,' she said: 'We had hoped for our own, but it's 12 years . . . It's worse at Christmas. My brothers and sisters come here and they've all got children. Howard feels it – it's not his fault, you see, it's mine.' Howard showed me round, even taking me upstairs. 'Oh. you've got a cot.' 'I made it,' he said modestly, 'about six years ago it must be,' and he touched his handiwork lovingly as we looked at it standing in the small bedroom – beautiful natural wood with parallel bars, untouched white nylon pillow and quilted yellow coverlet, and little pink and blue fluffy balls hanging on the side.

We went down and talked. Oh God, I thought, they've got all the textbook faults but there's love for some poor kid there somewhere, I'm sure. It was the small bedroom and the cot that did it. I couldn't bear to turn them down. 'Try short-term fostering,' I said, 'see how you get on.' 'I shall be nervous,' she said. 'No you won't,' Howard said, 'you'll do fine.'

'Anyone got a short-stay place?' Rosie said. 'Look no further,' I shrieked; 'What is it?' 'Four-month-old girl for a week.' I phoned Mrs Hodge. I said: 'I've got just the thing for you, a baby girl for a week, she –' 'We're going away,' she said quickly, 'Howard and I. It's been planned a long time. We've paid a deposit. 'You couldn't postpone it?' I said; 'Why not ask your . . .' 'Oh there's no question of it,' she said. A flat feeling came over me. 'The very next one we shall love to have,' she said. I put their name on the emergency list.

'I don't think much of your Hodges,' Rosie said; 'I phoned them last night. I wanted a place for the Miller baby, but she said she had a cold and it wouldn't be fair to the child. I told her it wouldn't matter. She sounded uptight to me. I don't think she's any good.' 'She damn well is,' I yelled, 'I'm positive. You wait and see.'

'Try your Hodges for this kid, Ann, will you?' John said: 'He's eight months old. It's for four days. His mother's in hospital.' 'Mrs Hodge,' I said, 'ideal for you, a little boy, he –' 'I want a girl really,' she said shortly. I felt a dull ache in my stomach. 'You've turned down two already,' I told her; 'Please don't panic about it, You know how you want a child. You'll manage all right. I'll bring him round. I've got him here.' 'No, don't do that,' she said. I was beyond persuasion. 'I'm coming round,' I said.

'They'll love you, Jason,' I told the baby as I put him in the car seat, holding his teddy bear and looking like babies do in advertisements. She opened the door and I knew it was no good. She didn't ask me in and she didn't look at Jason. 'You've no right to pressure me into having a child,' she said; 'I've phoned Howard and he's very cross about it, and we've agreed you can take our names off the list.' Her face was taut with misery. I wanted to plead with her or shake her or both. 'Don't act hastily,' I begged, 'you're just nervous, that's all. Talk it over with your husband.' 'He wouldn't want me upset,' she said, 'and you're being most objectionable.' And she closed the door.

I often see them around, just the two of them, him holding her arm. He always smiles. Recently a girl from the Shelter shop was in the office. 'We've had a lovely cot given us,' she said, 'hand-carved, bedding, the lot. It's beautiful. You wouldn't think anyone had ever slept in it. They said they were turning the nursery into a guest-room.'

First Person

Arthur Marshall

Take Me to a Leader

A recent letter, rightly given pride of place in a national daily, comes from a worried Devon schoolboy of 16 and bewails a relatively new English malaise. 'My generation – the much maligned teenager – has nowhere to look for a good example.' General corruptibility and laziness are all around, he goes on; there is a trade union movement which 'has made a mockery of democracy' and everything has led the young to 'a natural distrust of adults'. Sad, and it is a malaise which does not only visit schoolboys. Modern adults can comfortably distrust other adults and also be a good bit short on good examples.

One wonders whether young people, understandably disenchanted with the present, can ever drum up any enthusiasm for past heroes and heroines. A pity if they can't, for history must then make very dull reading.

> For all of we, whoever we be,
> Come short of the lions of old, you see.

Harrow boys used, ungrammatically, to sing. But who then were these lions of old? For an answer we can hardly do better than to turn to Mrs Andrew Lang's *The Red Book of Heroes*, the word 'red' merely indicating the rich colour of the handsome cover. The book, lavishly illustrated and intended principally for youthful readers, appeared in 1909 and Mrs Lang's wholesome, pious tone and general attitude to life are made clear in a thoughtful Preface: 'It is common to sneer at "earnest workers", yet where would we be without them, especially in our climate?' This grateful word is intended, we must assume, for miners and coalheavers and snow-shovellers and so on. Her heroes, too, are earnest indeed and 'stainless scutcheons' are the things to aim at.

For starters, Mrs Lang plays a trump card – Florence Nightingale, illustrated as simpering and lamp-slung, and with nothing in the text to give the tender reader too much of a painful jolt. Even the appalling conditions at Scutari get watered down: 'The hospital was in a fearfully dirty state. And as for rats!' No smells, you notice. Mrs Lang reminds us of the, to her, delightful custom of calling children after the names of battles. The Crimea supplied 'Alma', which still exists, and she knew of a pair of twins called 'Inkerman' and 'Balaclava'. Just as well that battles in the recent conflict were not inflicted on babies ('This is my son, Arnhem, and over there is my daughter, Bulge').

So stylistically serene is Mrs Lang that one regrets that she is no longer here to get her hands, as it were, on current potential political heroines:

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This courageous daughter of a retail provision merchant recked little of the scorn and derision that might be her sad lot on becoming leader of an important parliamentary party. With her musical voice and her demure prettiness, and ever *doing the right as she saw the right*, doors opened everywhere to her, as they always will to the truly meek and gentle. In her inspiring presence, faces lit up and, somehow, suffering and need seemed less acute. And her inside knowledge of retailing provisions proved invaluable when making her skilful plans for 'balancing the budget'.

With the rest of us condemned by Mrs Lang as 'weary camp followers of the Noble Army of Martyrs', she plunges on with her list of dazzlers.

When dealing with men, political or otherwise, Mrs Lang does not falter and, once again, we regret her departure from the scene:

It is not without significance that this sturdy, open-faced son of a Portsmouth seafarer, now promoted to the highest rank and ready to 'go forth' from Number 10 against the sin and misery of the world, should himself have spent many of his formative years afloat, now here, now there. All the world loves a sailor and 'jolly jack tar' is welcome everywhere, those bell bottoms ensuring fun and companionship a-plenty. But many a night, alone on the poop at eight bells, Jim must have dreamed his dreams of greatness. A second Nelson? Another Hood? Or success in a different field? What should be his line? Bluff manliness with an 'endearing grin'? Just the ticket.

On reflection, I doubt whether any of Mrs Lang's heroes could today strike a spark with the young, and indeed they do now seem rather a dusty little band. But on the other hand, can some of the present-day fascinators, either sporting or musical, really be regarded as heroes? A different noun is required. What, for instance, about that tuneful gentleman from America (name forgotten) who a few years ago hired a large section of the Isle of Wight and, a bewitching Pied Piper, lured the entire youth of England south? At the time, I was staying in a house which owned, so to speak, two teenagers. Of course they set off too (when I asked them where their suitcases were, they looked at me as though I were demented). They returned next day, bright as buttons, in time for lunch. The concert had been super and they had spent the night in the doorway of a Cowes cafe.

I fell to wondering what would have happened if, in the dear dead days between the wars, I had told my parents excitedly that Jack Buchanan was planning to sing out of doors in a damp field near Ventnor and could I go, please? Horror, consternation and instant refusal, the conversation being rapidly switched, to restore confidence, to the latest pronouncement of Stanley Baldwin. Now *there* was a heroic man! The black boots, the pipe, the square face, the connection with Kipling, the extreme sobriety of his wife and her defiantly unbecoming hats – how could any nation ruled by such a man possibly be on the wrong track? In those days, some of us believed, however misguidedly, in our rulers. We were, remember, living in a land fit for heroes, and how were we to know that those black boots concealed feet of clay?

Letters to the Editor

Carter's the One

Sir, Crucifer's reference (NS 25 June) to Governor Carter as a 'packaged' candidate faithfully reflects the abominably low quality of the efforts of British journalists to report on Governor Carter, his record in Georgia, his campaign, and its significance. Previously able journalists now seem to view the American political scene only through the eyes and fears of the Washington journalistic establishment, and of the North Eastern liberal constituency. Both of these share a massive ignorance of the South East and are apprehensive that they will return to obscurity when their usual sources are removed from public office and prominence. Like Teddy Kennedy, they are now doomed to instant obsolescence.

A few American political commentators, like Richard Reeves, have grasped the Carter phenomenon. Some, like a couple from *New Times*, seem to be trying to re-educate themselves by exploring Carter's roots for themselves. Some like Tom Wicker and James Reston are fruitlessly striving to re-educate themselves while remaining in Washington. In contrast, British journalists, especially your *own* American correspondent, seem content to regurgitate the panic-stricken opinions of their obsolete 'liberal' friends in the North East.

Blacks (politicians and voters alike) recognise Carter for what he is and support him, even though he is a man who does not fall on the liberal-conservative continuum that has been defined in American politics since the days of Franklin Roosevelt. Blacks have most to lose from a George Wallace, a Bo Callaway, or other stereotypical Southern politicians. Blacks also have a long experience with South Eastern politicians, and with desegregation in the South, the North East, and the Middle West. They pick Carter.

Carter stands for change and reform, for democratic innovation. Hence, he terrorises tired old pols of the Humphrey variety, and their admirers. Carter owes nothing to 'image makers', or to political packagers. He is his own man. Prepackaged? Preposterous.

WILLIAM S. VERPLANCK

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Knoxville, Tennessee

Open Censorship

Sir, Your film critic, John Coleman, suggests, 'on reliable report' (NS 2 July), that I have been engaged in 'an itinerant series of lantern lectures to local authorities'. His report is unreliable. I have never, since my appointment as secretary of the British Board of Film Censors, shown film clips, in or out of context, to any local authority, though I have had conversations with many of them, always at their invitation. His information was perhaps referring to an evening at which I discussed current criteria for film censorship with a film industry audience at the British Academy of Film and Television Arts. The evening was illustrated with clips from films of many kinds and was evidently considered both useful and interesting. As a result, we have been asked to make such exchanges of information a regular event. The Board has been invited to mount a similar seminar for local authorities, who have the only statutory responsibilities in this field, but a date for this has not yet been arranged.

In the past year, we have been moving steadily towards a policy of freedom of information. I don't believe in a censorship system that operates behind locked doors. If we can't justify the decisions we take in this controversial area, then we shouldn't be taking them. But Mr Coleman seems rather short of information. The BBFC has never been asked to consider the film *Deep Throat*, since it has never been officially admitted to this country by the British Customs. If it were, we are advised that it would almost certainly fall foul of the British common-law charge of gross indecency. If Mr Coleman feels strongly on the matter, he should campaign for the enactment of the recent Law Commission recommendations, which would do away with these common-law offences, leaving questions of propriety to the local licensing system. In the meantime, he can hardly expect an unofficial advisory body like the BBFC to disregard the views of the courts.

Any journalist who wants information on current BBFC policy can come and ask for it. It is usually more reliable than gossip.

JAMES FERMAN
Secretary

British Board of Film Censors
3 Soho Square
London W1

The Long Arm of Justice

Sir, Paul Johnson (NS 9 July) cannot have 'brought joy to the hearts of all civilised people throughout the world' by his high-handed dismissal of any misgivings about the Entebbe raid as merely 'trendy cynicism'. A lot of blood *was* in fact spilt, and not a 'despotic monster's', either. Amin's hirelings are no more deserving of summary execution than our own mercenaries (few of whom were as unlucky as 'Callan'); much less so, indeed, for obedience to that bloated Christmas tree is vital for survival, let alone the comforts of civilisation, in Uganda today.

The Israelis were able to pull it off thanks to several fortuitous circumstances: the private quarrel between Uganda and Kenya, the pathetic incompetence of Amin and the terrorists, and the element of surprise. Above all, the release of the non-Israeli hostages was a fatal mistake, for how otherwise could Israel have risked both their lives and the stigma which must have accompanied failure? She cannot keep on pulling such rabbits out of the hat; perhaps only a tragedy will bring home to her that to make *some* concessions to her neighbours is no longer a luxury but a duty to us all. It is in her own interest to do this from a position of strength: let her do it now.

As for Paul Johnson: may one assume that, like Judge Jeffreys, he hates the Trimmer even more than the Whig?

D. B. JOHNSON

Magdalen College
Oxford

Child Benefits

Sir, I suppose that we will have to take James Fenton's word for it that 'many of the Left are perfectly prepared to concede that the time is not ripe' for the Child Benefit Scheme (Spotlight on Politics, 25 June) but my experience is that this attitude is not shared by members of the Labour Party at constituency level or by rank and file trade unionists.

I have raised the question of Child Benefits at meetings of my constituency party, the Rochdale Trades and Labour Council and the Rochdale Branch of Nalgo. While there have been occasional individual expressions of disagreement I have met no opposition to motions calling for the full implementation of the

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Child Benefit scheme and these motions have been passed by overwhelming majorities.

If the Left or the Right, or Centre, for that matter, wish to collude with the Government in perpetuating the myth that family allowances are 'unpopular', in order to justify their betrayal of repeated electoral commitments, then let them do so. I will be one of many socialists and trade unionists who will continue to remind the Government of their obligations to the poor under the social contract.

ALAN BUCKLEY

2 Westmorland Drive
Wardle, Rochdale

Our Regrettable Woolliness

Sir, I must blow the whistle on the frightful coinage of 'light-mile' appearing in your profile of David Steel (NS 9 July) before it has a chance of establishing itself in the currency of the English language. A light year is the distance travelled by light in one year, about 6,000,000,000,000 miles; it is a unit of distance used by astronomers to convey to the general public an idea of the immensity of interstellar space. Very occasionally, the term is used, quite incorrectly, as a measure of immense time. It is presumably because of this erroneous usage that you felt obliged to invent the meaningless phrase 'light-mile' to mean an immense distance. As the term 'light-year' is already available for this purpose, can this be the last as well as the first appearance of 'light-mile'?

This is but one example of the regrettable woolliness of the NS on matters scientific. Why, for instance, did you allow Julian Barnes to describe a maser as a 'posh laser' (NS 18 June) whereas you would not have let him, say, refer to Tolstoy as 'a posh Solzhenitsyn', a description of similar crassness?

J. E. CROOKS

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Epsom Downs, Surrey

That Exam Merger

Sir, Has it ever occurred to Peter Wilby ('Exams and Elitists', NS 25 June), that many of the 'veritable army of educational backwoodsmen' who view the introduction of a common exam at 16-plus with grave concern are not the people whom he pours scorn upon, but very ordinary teachers at secondary schools (many of them comprehensive) who are in daily contact with actual pupils who are supposed to be subjected to this common examination? He may be surprised to hear that many of us are politically quite progressive types, but that we feel that educational requirements of children should override political dogma.

Of course everybody wants to give all children equal educational opportunities, but all who are concerned in teaching children also realise that even when opportunities are equal, abilities and inclinations are not. Only those of us who have had to teach very able children at a pace too slow for them and have seen their boredom and frustration, and those of us who have had to teach less able children material intellectually too high for them and have seen their incomprehension and consequent lack of interest, can fully appreciate how this examination would affect children, and – yes, let us use the dirty words – educational standards. It is easy to sneer at everyone who dares to voice his doubts; it is perhaps less easy to have to carry out the many new introductions in the educational world based on a misunderstanding of what really is 'equality'.

GERTRUDE STRANZ

49 Frankland Road
Croxley Green, Herts.

New Ways with Discrimination

Sir, I hope Inge Hyde's point about age discrimination (NS 25 June) is not going to be allowed to drop. For age discrimination is widespread and accepted without question by many of those who regard sex or race discrimination with horror.

The Labour movement champions the cause of the old-age pensioner. We hold rallies and demonstrations in their support. Higher pensions, free travel, free TV licences, meals on wheels – is there anything they will deny us? Yes – one thing. They won't treat us as equals in a democratic society. How many constituency Labour parties would be willing to give even the briefest consideration to an OAP as a parliamentary candidate?

Yet why shouldn't OAPs be represented *as such* in the House of Commons?

J. STEWART COOK

37 Frances Road
Windsor
Berkshire

Cary's Writing Habits

Sir, Reading Mr Theroux's review in your issue of 25 June, I think he has misunderstood what I told him of Cary's method of working. It would certainly not be true to say that Cary 'developed a habit of writing what he called "a big scene" and then inventing a plot for it to make a novel'.

I told Mr Theroux what Cary told me – that when he was at work on a novel he would choose each day to work on the scene which he felt most inclined at that moment to write: one day – to exaggerate a little – he would leap ahead to deal with the funeral planned for chapter ten and the next day, waking in a very different mood, he would describe a first meeting of lovers in chapter two. The whole shape of the novel, of course, was there, but he didn't, like most of us, accept a disheartening struggle with the dull 'links'. He wrote always at the top of his interest. I suggested that this method gave a certain monotony to the tone. The dull links have their virtue.

I must apologise to the honoured shade of my old friend for giving Mr Theroux – it was a convivial occasion – a wrong impression of his method.

GRAHAM GREENE

Paris 17

Freudian Slip

Sir, What a pity that Mr Frederic Raphael (NS 9 July), very laudably calling cricket in aid to illuminate his observations about Freud, could not have got his facts right. The bowler who bowled through W.G.'s beard was most emphatically not Spofforth. Mr Raphael made brilliant and invigorating play with the associations of the incident; but think how much more brilliant and even relevant he could have been had he got the real bowler's name right, which was, if you can believe it, Ernest Jones. I do hope that all Freudian scholars will agree with my disappointment. Sad that Mr Raphael cannot start again and play it, fascinatingly, from there.

RONALD MASON

Woodman's Cottage
Park Road
Banstead
Surrey

Down With Dogs

Sir, In his article 'Dog Days' (NS 2 July) Dr Donald Gould doesn't tell us the worst of it. I'm not likely to be disturbed by my neighbours' begonias, or even their budgies: but their dogs and cats make my life a misery.

Even after spending many pounds on posts and wire netting, to say nothing of the labour involved, cats still manage to get on my roof at night. The *noise* of the dogs, not mentioned at all by Donald Gould, has become intolerable in the village where I live: almost half the population seems to have dogs, and they start their noise – predominantly yapping – before seven in the morning, and keep it up until after sunset. Neither can I keep them out of my garden, where I find their excretions disgusting and abominable.

The Essex County Council has recently opened an excellent car park, many acres of grassland, on Mersea Island. The dog owners have joyfully moved in, happy to find yet another area where their pets may excrete to their hearts' delight (on grass intended for the use of humans, including children, and mainly almost nude in this weather) and so save soiling their own gardens.

R. NUNN

Braintree
Essex

Mediate Animation

Sir, Lord Driberg (NS 9 July) writes about mediate and immediate animation as though the issue had something to do with abortion. Whatever views have been held, by Roman Catholics or anyone else on the subject of the implantation of the human soul, it has always been considered wrong to destroy the occupant of the womb – in practice, from the point when a woman is aware of its existence; in theory, any time from conception onwards. The Church has studiously avoided dogmatic statements on the point at which animation occurs, although speculation is not discouraged. The implications, however, of her teaching (on the Immaculate Conception, for instance) imply that she leans heavily towards the notion of immediate animation, but the 'theology of abortion' does not depend on it.

CLARE E. HORNSBY

35 Bryanston Square
London W1

Lobby Lud

Sir, With my former *Guardian* colleague, Jackie Leishman, I am writing a biography of James Callaghan for publication next year by Weidenfeld. We are keen to hear from anyone who can help us, particularly with information about:

(1) His relationship with Keep Left, the Tribune Group and other Parliamentary groupings;

(2) The period between 1951 and 1959 during which Mr Callaghan evolved from being a competent young Member to a major figure in the party;

(3) Mr Callaghan's period in the navy.

It goes without saying that any information given on 'lobby terms' would be treated on that basis.

JOHN TORODE

The Guardian
192 Grays Inn Road
London WC1

Correction

Sir, The letter from me which you published in the NS 25 June contained a slip. I wrote that Christopher Hollis and I won Brackenbury History Scholarships in December 1919. The correct date was in fact December 1918. I apologise.

CHARLES H. GRAY

Girne
Via Mersin 10
Turkey

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BOOKS & ARTS

Neal Ascherson

The Power of Acheron

The Shadow of the Winter Palace: The Drift to Revolution 1825-1917 by EDWARD CRANKSHAW *Macmillan* £5.95

He was not prepared, Enoch Powell snapped the other day, to take lessons in democracy from a Russian. The interesting thing about that remark was that he wasn't referring to Mr Brezhnev. He was talking about Alexander Solzhenitsyn. He was ventriloquising, as he so often does, for an audience which has in fact largely stolen home to its fathers, the English parliamentary clubmen of the 19th century who assumed that servility and autocracy were bred ineradicably into the Russian bone.

To eradicate those prejudices from the English bone, Mr Crankshaw has written the most ambitious of all his works. It is a history of 19th-century Russia, done in the superb old manner: comprehensive, marvellously and scrupulously written, full of wit and coloured at times with passionate sarcasm, perceptive, and often merciful to personalities for whom historians have found hardly a sympathetic phrase. But it is also, as the reader soon senses, a great polemic. The sub-title gives a hint: this book does not end in 1917. It ends with the outbreak of the first world war, because Mr Crankshaw believes that by 1914 the Tsardom was already at its end: 'the subject is disintegrating, vanishing into thin air, leaving nothing but the terrible memory of that blood-stained cellar in Ekaterinburg . . .'

The subject which disintegrates is Imperial Russia. The book is less an attempt at a 'total history' than a history of authority in 19th-century Russia. Here already is one of the many polemic lines of the work: Mr Crankshaw does not want to use the familiar kit which treats the period as the conception, morphisms, birth and education of the Russian revolutionary movement. That is a teleological view he rejects. Lenin is not frequently referred to, and then in terms of highly-compressed dislike. (The bibliography observes, typically: 'Those who think Lenin was a splendid man will know just where to read all about him.')

Mr Crankshaw would also go to war with those – like Mr Powell, perhaps – who fit different values into the same determinist approach. Russians are certainly special; he has no doubt about that. The book opens with a long account of that day of frozen madness in December 1825, as the insurrectionary Decembrist officers with their troops faced the young Nicholas I and his cannon across the square in a dream-like deadlock, punctuated by the killing of each emissary the Tsar sent across to the rebels, until darkness came down and the guns finally opened up to blast the Decembrists away like snow. 'Men under stress behave strangely, some Russians, it seems hardly too much to say, more strangely than most . . .' But Mr Crankshaw would scorn 'national character' explanations of Russia's failure to establish any form of representative government in the 19th century. On a higher level of argument, he would never accept that any other causes or conditionings made that failure inevitable from the start. Have Lenin, Stalin, Brezhnev been simply 'new Tsars'? That much is implied, again and again. But did Nicholas I – or Arakcheyev, or Witte, or Stolypin, or even pathetic old Goremykin with his Piccadilly whiskers: all the statesmen who denied Russia the effective rule of law – signify through their failures that Stalinism had to come?

This Mr Crankshaw would deny. Nobody is going to persuade a fundamentally imaginative writer of his type that personalities do not make history. (The very fact that I have listed names and not 'factors' shows the way the book is written.) His approach must imply that all is revocable and curable, if only the right man can do the right thing. It means, too, that this can't be a 'tragic' book, and it isn't; the fact that no Tsar and no statesman did rightly use power makes Mr Crankshaw furious. There is no soupy melancholy here, no nostalgia at all. Stolypin might have brought the thing off if he had seen the point of the Duma, and under a different Tsar (Mr Crankshaw does acknowledge that Nicholas II was hopeless, if only as a person). Witte might have brought the thing off if he had been more patient, shown some understanding of the growing agrarian misery, had a feeling for political development as well as for building railways and factories. And Loris-Melikov, if Narodnaya Volya hadn't bumped off Alexander II the day he had signed the 1881 constitution. And Milyukov, even in the last years of the Empire, if only – why, oh why? – he had tied the liberal cause to the cautious reformers in government rather than to the radicals and revolutionaries . . . and so on.

But what thing? What exactly was the failure, or what would have been the success? Not to perpetuate the Imperial monarchy for its own sake: Mr Crankshaw is not a fond royalist. Not simply to raise the standard of living. And not even, exactly, to install parliamentary institutions and a law-bound constitutional system of government, though that comes very near to it. The failure, this book seems so say, was the revolution. The success would have been to avoid it.

At the end of the book, Mr Crankshaw looks back on the last decades before 1914, and on the colossal struggle of Witte and Stolypin to modernise the economy. In these pages, he concedes that a moment did come when matters had gone too far to be rescued by anyone. Witte and Stolypin no longer had the time they needed for their reforms. But

> it was not vital for Russia to catch up with the West as a modern industrial power if only she would have been content to drop out of their international competition for a generation or so and cultivate her own immense and largely virgin garden.

Mr Crankshaw is far too intelligent to say that Russia could really have 'dropped out' in this way. The thought, none the less, emerges: it was the pace which made revolution inevitable and if a slower economic and political development could have avoided the explosion, then the delay would have been worth while.

I am not sure that this isn't an argument for a strong, benevolent Tsar, using the police to hold down the revolutionary movements while gradually transforming the autocracy into a limited monarchy with representative institutions. Mr Crankshaw's conviction is that once something like 'liberalism' had developed, as a non-military professional and industrial class made its timid appearance around the middle of the century, its course should have been to ally with the enlightened men in government rather than to go blindly towards total opposition to the whole structure. This comes out very well in his discussion of Milyukov and the founding of the Cadets (Constitutional Democrats) in the summer of 1905. Their first act was to reject collaboration with the authorities and to declare themselves 'ready to join in action with what they called "the broad masses" '. Mr Crankshaw deplores this, ascribing it to 'virginal innocence'. With approval, he quotes the dissenting opinion of V. A. Maklakov, who

> saw very clearly that the liberals had no power of their own, that they might achieve great things 'in alliance with . . . the established régime' when it was (as it was in the autumn of 1905) ready to make concessions. But if the régime repulsed the advances of the liberals, then they would have to join forces with 'the only real power, that of Acheron'.

Most of the assumptions of this book are liberal. Mr Crankshaw hates intolerance, racism, nationalism (which incidentally makes him unfair to the Poles: the mental difficulty of seeing in nationalists anything more than football hooligans is very English). But a thesis which sees revolution as 'the power of Acheron', and its avoidance as the first commandment upon politicians, is at heart a conservative thesis. The book is full of marvellous portraits, displaying all the arts of understanding without forgiving, but the revolutionaries are presented just as 'men who were more interested in destruction than building'. Lenin and Trotsky are no more than 'intriguing, self-deluding demagogues'. Even poor Vera Zasulich is 'dowdy', as she raises her pistol to the St Petersburg police commander. This dislike is born of hindsight: an original sin chains together down the generations all those whose thoughts and actions made the victory of Lenin possible. Mr Crankshaw's individualism makes

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him stand up against the 'it had to happen' school of left-wing historians. His conservatism, all the same, makes him see revolutionary development as bound by 'iron laws' – no doubt, those of Acheron – which did not bind the actions of established princes and statesmen.

'Russia was dying,' Mr Crankshaw flatly remarks about the situation in 1914. But which Russia was dying . . . and which Russia was being born, even if Stalin was later to cripple its youth? Is Spain dying – or Rhodesia? Books must end, like regimes, but their subjects must be allowed to survive beyond the control of historians and emperors.

Arthur Hopcraft

Come Again?

Speak For England by MELVYN BRAGG *Secker & Warburg* £5.50
From Mouths Of Men by GEORGE EWART EVANS *Faber* £5.50

Melvyn Bragg interviewed some 60 people who live in Wigton, Cumberland, his home town, and has made of the results 'An Essay on England: 1900-1975'. It is no light matter. I find it astonishing to note that I have just read nearly 500 pages of largely direct speech from these northern Britons and didn't laugh once. That is not meant flippantly. I have always found it not a truism but a fact that there is always *some* humour, and often memorable, deliberate comicality, when the British tell each other about their lives. There is nothing funny about Wigton as told to, and by, Mr Bragg; and he believes his interviews comprise 'the truest current of (English) experience in publishable public historical form.' The claim is large, as well as grave.

There is no doubting the book's integrity. The author has plainly been scrupulous in recording what was said to him, right down to the reiterated 'Melvyn' – he was talking to old friends, parents' friends, relatives, as well as strangers – and the refrain-like expression, 'of course' or 'and of course', which seems to be Wigton's way of saying 'you know', and which seems not yet to have arrived in the town. That thought may be useful, since we are dealing with a book much concerned with the significance of the apparently insignificant. Mr Bragg considers Wigton 'representative' of our society, remarking that it is placed 'geographically about the middle of the British Isles'. But it is hardly in the middle of the British population: it sits between the Lake District and the Solway Firth. And its position, both geographical and demographical, gives it a particular character Mr Bragg would not find in, say, Luton or Smethwick or Rotherham, and that is the *absence* of some factors common to contemporary English life: high-rise flats, black communities, the concentration of production-line industries, an increasing urban crime rate. Mr Bragg has a deep natural affection for Wigton:

> When my first wife died I found that one of the courses of action I eventually took was to bring our daughter back to the place where I was born . . . My present wife and I found a place which looked north to the sea and south to the hills. And the three of us dug in.

He is writing about a very special spot. It is insular. Some of its people are admirably individual. Most seem robust; some are shrewd, some vain. A great deal of human life is here. One appreciates the author's point that what his interviewees thought to be important *was* important. Thus, many of the older people's recollections are vivid and instructive:

> You find the younger generation are more what you might call frightened or timid as it were. The older people would apply poultices and all sorts of things, bacon round your neck for sore throats . . . They'd use vinegar for sprains . . . a small roasted onion in your ear if you had an earache . . .
>
> We were really well off as regards the rest of the kiddies in Wigton 'cos Mam was a dressmaker . . . she used to make a pair of pants for ninepence and provide the material . . .
>
> Two rooms. There was my father and mother's room, and then the one room for all the five of us kids. Only one bed in the room and the rest on shakky downs . . .

There are many striking vignettes of that kind, making a picture of a life which, until the second world war, was for most people in Wigton harsh, squalid, frugal. It is Mr Bragg's central point that this existence belongs to living memory: that in considering what has happened in Wigton's life in recent years one has to place it always, in order to evaluate advance, against what people *remember* of daily experience. His chapter on education has the value of attacking, through the detail of memory, the popular notion that schooling used to be 'better' in the old days of chanted multiplication tables and stern teachers with fat sticks. Here is a retired teacher, talking about being a pupil in the Twenties:

> It was fear all the time . . . [at grammar school] you were taught from a book. The teacher talked to you and told you what page to turn to in the book, he wrote something on the blackboard and that was all the teaching . . . There was nothing about your own thoughts going into anything. You simply turned back what had been told to you.

The same man recalls the transformation of school life that followed the arrival of the secondary modern system in the Forties. When a new building replaced one with rats and overflowing urinals 'immediately the children appeared to be far brighter'.

But there are few opinions in Mr Bragg's book: its merit is in portraiture. What conclusions are drawn are mostly his own, and they are an uneasy mixture of the pat and the speculative. One is not going to object to his assertion that to generalise about 'the masses' or 'the workers' or even 'the people' is worthless. When he launches into his postscript critique of the present state of the nation, objections, like the number of appearances in the text of the non-word 'alright', abound:

> There are still, as Disraeli said, two nations and the division now, I think, is between the past and the future. The future lies in what is said and done and felt in these interviews. The past is in those who rule and write over us at the moment . . . These men are imitating a sort of England which no longer exists . . .

All that, and more of the kind, Mr Bragg tells us springs to his mind out of his copious interviews in Wigton. Or was it there before? A solemn commentator must make, one feels, a solemn interviewer, too. Actually, the interviewees representing Wigton *now* sound rather pleased with themselves. But there are no unemployed school-leavers, or dissident black men, or homeless young parents, or neurotic tower-block families among them. Speak for Where?

George Ewart Evans's book is also 'oral history'. At the same price as Mr Bragg's it offers less than half the length, the weight and the polemic, in terms, at any rate, of Whither England? It is *about* the value of the spoken, personal account as an aid to understanding the past: horse-transport in Aldeburgh; domestic service here and there; coal mining in Wales. It is deft and readable, and it has some humour. Mrs Ring, who had a baker's shop in Aldeburgh, always used to say, apparently: 'Keep your head up, even if your behind is in the gutter!'

Elaine Feinstein

He Resigned

Esenin: A Life by GORDON MCVAY *Hodder & Stoughton* £8.95

Since Sergei Esenin has played clown and lout on the sidelines of all too many accounts of the life of Isadora Duncan (Ken Russell's TV image springs irresistibly to mind) it is entirely praiseworthy for Dr Gordon McVay to set the record straight in his scholarly book. The apparent buffoon Miss Duncan had in tow was Russia's most popular lyric poet, and his short and violent life has become a legend of its own. A recording I once heard of Esenin reading, one band behind Mayakovsky (whom he more than equalled in range of voice and assurance), may do something to explain his rise to fame at 19; no doubt his physical beauty and peasant origin helped. But it is his poetry alone that has kept him alive in the hearts of Soviet citizen and emigré alike for the 50 years since his death. It is hardly Gordon McVay's fault that his much-loved hero emerges from this honest and carefully researched biography as something of an opportunist, capable of convenient political flexibility, and in several areas quite staggeringly prejudiced. The problem is not uncommon. We may hope that great poets will be morally superior human beings; but finally we have to take them as they are. Dr McVay, perhaps wisely, does not confront the problem. His job is to set out the details of ten years of persistent inquiry, which has involved an impressive amount

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of prodding into Soviet State archives; and he does so with a gravity and dedication which puts us decisively in his debt.

Esenin was born in 1895, 'the son of a peasant of the Ryazan province' as he liked to describe himself. He lived in a village of about 600 huts, and (since his parents separated) was largely brought up by grandparents. One grandfather, an Old Believer, saw to his education in the Bible and old songs. His education was extended beyond the primary stage at a Church School. He did not, however, become the teacher for which he had been trained; and even at school thought himself a poet. In 1912 he set out for Moscow, and took a job in a butcher's shop. Later he became a worker in Sytin's printing works. He spent all his leisure reading and writing poetry, and by 1915, when he moved to Petrograd, he was ready to take his first impudent steps towards fame. The letter McVay quotes in which Esenin introduced himself to Blok (with a confidence bordering on insolence) brought him an invitation to tea, and an autographed copy of Blok's poetry. Soon he was being invited by groups of people who were ready to listen to him recite, and his poems began to appear in the best journals of the time. All his most characterist motifs are already there: old religious Rus, the folkloric village and the golden beauty of peasant life.

This complex of ideas made him paradoxically a creature of inordinate attraction to the urban intelligentsia. They were to be less happy with his extreme nationalism, which was an essential part of the same emotional pattern. At the opening of the first world war he was uncritically loyal to Tsar and country (though it should be remembered he was only 20 when he was fêted at the Imperial Court). Nevertheless, there *is* something a little distasteful in the use Esenin was later to put his desertion from the army in 1917, just after the Tsar's abdication. In McVay's words, it was almost certainly 'prudent rather than heroic'; and in any case he can have had no thought-out conviction that the war in itself was imperialist, as Soviet critics would maintain. McVay hints at a timeserving element; contrasting the tone of his poems to the Empress with his rapid and public declaration – 'I am a Bolshevik' – a month after the murder of the Imperial family.

In fairness, it should be pointed out that he was in age little more than a first-year undergraduate. About this time he began to enjoy a close relationship with poets of the 'Imaginist' movement, particularly Mariengof, whom Lenin described as little more than a sick boy. His lines suggest a peculiar and insistent relish in the imagery of abortion. This was a period when Esenin too was out to shock: 'You can't go far on talent these days,' he declared. 'A scandal, especially a beautiful scandal, is always a help to talent.'

His most famous marriage (as far as the West was concerned) was to Isadora; but she was neither the most beautiful of his wives, nor the one to whom he gave most of himself. His first wife, Zinaida Raikh, who was later to marry Meyerhold, probably involved him most passionately; and their marriage broke up, if we are to trust Mariengof, over a deception which rankled to the depth of Esenin's peasant prejudice. She had pretended to virginity; and deceived him. Similar instinctive prejudices led him to throw away other friends.

It may well have been that his marriage to Isadora would have foundered in any case on his by then fairly deep-rooted alcoholism and concomitant brawling. But it might have survived more easily if he had the flexibility to respond to the foreign and the new. It is true that the loss of his language, once he reached the West, was crippling. There is something pathetic in his hopelessly arrogant: 'If anyone is interested in me, let them learn Russian.' He saw so little in the strange new country. 'Apart from the Foxtrot there is nothing here', he cries with despair. And another facet of his peasant prejudice began to come to the fore in unhappy circumstances. An outburst of drunken abuse of the 'Zhid' was understood only too well by Russian Jewish poets in Manny Leib's restaurant in the Bronx.

Clearly Esenin's anti-Semitism was of the thoughtless variety that did not prevent him (earlier) marrying a Jewish wife or having Jewish friends. But it *was* at the very heart of him. Even when, in 1923, he was home in Russia again, he was frequently brought into police stations with that particular line of drunken insult always part of the charge. It may come as a surprise, but at that stage of the Revolution it was actually possible to be brought to trial for anti-Semitic utterances; (McVay explains that the poet Alexei

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Ganin was shot); but Esenin's fame, and the fear of giving propaganda victory to the enemies of the Republic abroad ensured him many reprieves. He was, however, in a pitiable condition by 1923; and though he entered a sanatorium for a time, his release left him in a state of hysterical chauvinism, hatred and longing for a new kind of revolution. In 1925 he was living with Sofya Tolstoya. Even at the furthest edge of his degradation his physical beauty remained (the collection of photographs in McVay's book is magnificent); his poetry too remained melodious, haunted and tender.

But he felt himself bitterly alone. It is not clear to whom the famous suicide poem 'Goodbye My Friend' could have been written. It was written in the blood from his slashed wrist; though the wound did not kill him. He died a day later, alone, in a room filled with debris, by hanging. Yury Olesha says: 'He departed young, golden, with strands of hair drifting in the air.'

One thing seems clear, his suicide was not so much a revolt against the times as they were, but as they seemed to him through his paranoid misery. He had not been required to 'step on the throat of his song' as Mayakovsky was to put it; indeed a large edition of his collected poems was already being set. He might well, as Isadora put it with some nobility, 'have destroyed his young and splendid body in any case'. He lived a terrible life for one who had so much to offer; but then he lived by, for and *in* his poetry; and that remains.

PENTHOUSE

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Geoffrey Gorer

Simply Killing

The Hunting Hypothesis by ROBERT ARDREY
Collins £4.50

Robert Ardrey sub-titles this short book 'A Personal Conclusion Concerning the Evolutionary Nature of Man'; and it is intended as a sort of tail-piece and modification of his three books on the same topic, *African Genesis*, *The Territorial Imperative* and *The Social Contract*. He clearly assumes that the readers of this book will be familiar with its three predecessors, to which he refers back constantly and sometimes elliptically.

With the passing years Ardrey has become much less extreme in his pronouncements, and he no longer claims a unique insight into 'human nature' from his experience as a dramatist. This is commendable. On the other hand, his prose is, if anything, even more rich and rare and his metaphors more confused; for example: 'A natural accident of climatic charity has been the mother of our civilisation.' Surely charity must, by definition, be intentional; and how can an accident be a mother? One can see what he probably means; but this typical mixture of metaphors makes it difficult to pin him down.

The chief novelty in this re-study of human evolution is the attention Ardrey pays to macro-climatic changes in the earth's history as the major influence on hominid evolution and diffusion. He has read a lot of the recent precise work on climatic changes and describes this dramatically; he places the diffusion of *homo erectus* (Neanderthal, Pekin man etc.) at the beginning of the last ice age, when the scarcity of African game may have caused the migration over the Eurasian land mass, and the advent of *homo sapiens* in our present interglacial. His final chapter, 'Interglacial Man', is a pessimistic forecast of the coming termination of our period of benign climate; he finds in Colin Turnbull's *The Mountain People* a preview of the human condition in the fairly near future. We will all be Ik.

The bulk of the book is a re-statement of the Hunting Hypothesis, that a form of *australopithecus* in East Africa became terrestrial and carnivorous, lived on large mammals hunted in bands, killed with hand-held missiles and were directly ancestral to *homo sapiens*, to whom they transmitted most of their values, attitudes and expectations. Anatomically *australopithecus* is very different from *sapiens* (the remains by which he is reconstructed could be comfortably packed into two medium-sized trunks) though nearer to modern man than any known ape; his ancestral role is a question of faith, not of evidence. For Ardrey, however, the contents of his tiny brain have been transferred, practically unmodified, into our larger cerebra.

Given the paucity of the evidence, Ardrey's reconstruction of the evolution of these little creatures is not implausible, with one exception. It would make sense for predatory apes to become terrestrial and diurnal, to develop bipedalism and handedness; and, on the analogy of contemporary African predators, such as hyenas, lions or African dogs, to have hunted in packs or bands. Ardrey welcomes all mammalian analogies, however far removed from *australopithecus* or modern man on the evolutionary scale; but on several occasions he resolutely rejects any comparison with or deductions from contemporary hunters-and-gatherers, ostensibly on the ground that since *australopithecus* did not know how to make fire it would not be able to digest seeds, but basically (it would appear) because any emphasis on gathering would give too much importance to the females.

Ardrey envisages australopithecine society as 'sexually bipolar'; the female role is confined to raising the young and defending the home territory and developing sexual lures to bring the hunters home at night. Ardrey performs a rather skittish Desmond Morris dance on the development of female breasts, hairlessness, constant sexual receptivity and capacity for orgasm as techniques for binding the males, although of course there is not the slightest archaeological or fossil evidence that she-australopithecines had developed any of these characteristics. But for Ardrey 'we' are male. 'Man is man, and not a chimpanzee, because for millions upon millions of years we killed for a living.' 'We have humbly accepted the male role of provider for not only our young but also our females.' The evidence for this latter assertion can only be the piles of large animal bones found in some African sites.

Ardrey comes from Chicago and is therefore probably a steak-eater; and he seems to be possessed by an unquestioning belief that only cuts from a large mammal are suitable food for a Real Man or a Real Australopithecine. But Africa abounds with rats and mice and other small deer, with molluscs and crustacea and fishes, and reptiles, all of them edible and only the crustacea leaving fossils, and all, or nearly all, of them easily 'gathered' by women and children. But if females could feed themselves and their children, even if not with the choicest meats, then the role of the male hunter is comparatively diminished; and *The Hunting Hypothesis* demands that it be aggrandised as much as possible until the Neolithic revolution and the invention of agriculture, when grain replaced game; and for Ardrey this was probably a disastrous development, for it destroyed the habitat of grazing animals and facilitated the population explosion; and when the end of our interglacial makes agriculture impossible over increasingly large areas, what will Man eat?

The Hunting Hypothesis really belongs on the same shelf as Freud's *Totem and Taboo* as a 'Just-So' story of human evolution. And it might even give the latter some confirmation. If, and it is unproven, we have inherited attitudes and predispositions from *australopithecus*, the Oedipal situation becomes much more understandable; the adult males were so small that it would not be impossible for five-year-olds to threaten them.

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David Leitch

En Famille

The Face of France by NESTA ROBERTS *Hodder & Stoughton* £4.50

Just over a century ago two boys – André, a locksmith's apprentice of 14 and his small brother Julien – slipped into France across the newly established Lorraine frontier in search of their only living relative. This was their uncle, an elusive fellow known to be living somewhere in the Midi. The orphans embarked on an adventurous journey round France to find him and also to fulfil their father's dying wish that they should grow up as Frenchmen. *Le Tour de la France par deux enfants*, an account of their fictional travels by Monsieur G. Brune, an academician who would otherwise have been forgotten, was a sensational success the moment it was published in 1877. Intended as a textbook, it became a schoolroom classic for more than 60 years. As Nesta Roberts writes: 'for successive generations of French school children [it was] at once a reader, a course in history, geography and practical affairs and a manual of civic and moral instruction.'

The orphans, despite their tender age, were marvels of Gallic eloquence. Not for them, after a rough trek through the mountains to French soil, a laconic 'France Rules, OK?' Instead, as they fell into each other's arms, André cried: 'Beloved France, we are thy sons, we will strive to be worthy of thee our life long!'

The date and geographical location naturally provide the clue to their perfervid sentiments. It was the aftermath of the disastrous Franco-Prussian war; French arms had been humiliated; northern Lorraine and most of Alsace had been annexed by the Germans. The mystical concept of '*la patrie*', established by Jules Michelet in his own schoolroom classic, *Tableau de la France*, written in ampler though still troubled days long before the crushing defeat, badly needed 're-gilding', to borrow the author's characteristic *mot juste*. It was a time for putting out more flags, for gilt and grandiosity. Thus the brothers, emblematically bearing the cross of martyred Lorraine (to acquire even greater patriotic significance in the aftermath of a not dissimilar disaster in 1940), became ideal models for the young citizens of the nascent Third Republic.

Nesta Roberts, herself a different kind of model, this time of how to write about and experience someone else's country, came up with the brilliant idea of following in the young heroes' footsteps. '*Chapeau*' is the only response, with the raising of a thumb towards an imaginary brim. She began, like the boys, in Phalsbourg, now French again, although many workers cross to German factories on daily buses. Thereafter she turned south, her mind on a Grünewald altar-piece, rhubarb tart and a bidet without a tap (in Colmar); on cheese and Gewürztraminer (in Munster); on alcoholism, 'the emotional illiteracy of many Scots', and disappointment at lacking time to see the monumental lion (changing trains at Belfort, en route to Besançon).

From here on there is no stopping her. In Nevers she discourses on wet-nursing, in Lyon she comes up with a public letter-writer, and in Arles certain subterranean Didsbury prejudices cause her to find the impassioned hedonism of the Easter *feria* a shade claustrophobic. She catches a train to Marseille where, 'although I am no puritan', she is (not for the first time) a bit sniffy about the size of French steaks in a starving world. At Sète, she pays her respects to Valéry, though not to Brassens and, being the kind of person who notices such things, warmed my heart with appreciative comments about the fountain and attendant goldfish by the railway station. Unlike the boys, she omits the Canal du Midi, a pity, but does a nice job on Bordeaux, fief of Chaban-Delmas and the Rothschilds. Arcachon reminds her, naturally, of Bournemouth, just as Lille later makes her think of Manchester.

As a Celt, though, she is beginning to long for Britanny, which she writes about as if she were born there, which spiritually she was. Soon she is in Honfleur, where with unusual lack of pertinacity she accepts that the Boudin museum is closed, instead of browbeating, bribing or seducing its eccentric curator. I suspect she was beginning to miss the sixth *arrondissement*, where she has her *habitudes*, and which she evokes in one paragraph designed to make one rush off to Victoria station. Here, as she remarks, 'any reasonable person can lead a full life'.

The former Paris correspondent of the *Guardian* has given us a book like a holiday, a moveable feast which should be in every francophile library (with an index in subsequent editions, I hope). Its secret emerges most clearly in her account of Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises, poignant and appalling temple of the General's cult. It may be her words are sharp as a pin, acerbic where the original is inflated, but, no less than the sententious Monsieur Brune, she has written in the language of love.

Christopher Hitchens

The Fairer Sects

Revolutionaries in Modern Britain by PETER SHIPLEY *Bodley Head* £5.00

'One sometimes gets the impression,' wrote George Orwell,

> that the mere words 'socialism' and 'communism' draw towards them with magnetic force every fruit-juice drinker, nudist, sandal-wearer, sex maniac, Quaker, 'nature cure' quack, pacifist and feminist in England.

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NB—Eric Partridge's **Smaller Slang Dictionary** is now in paperback (£1.50) 'very entertaining'—*Economist*.

Routledge & Kegan Paul

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Towards the end of his bestiary of the British Left, Peter Shipley makes a similar amalgam stretching from 'Japanese Zengakuren to German anarchists and British Young Liberals to Palestinian guerrillas'. This compulsive urge to make inventories instead of connections can be noticed sweeping across the political Right with increasing frequency these days. At least from now on, people who enjoy making lists of communists on union committees will have a reliable work of reference (if that is what they want). Mr Shipley has perpetuated a few commonplace errors of fact about the labyrinth of far-Left politics, but on the whole his directory (book it isn't) is remarkably well-researched. There are short pro-forma chapters of introduction and conclusion, but these could have been excluded to bring the price down a bit, and to spare us such *aperçus* as 'the contemporary revolutionary movement is symptomatic of a disjointed and disorientated age'.

Raymond Aron once remarked that there would be no point in studying Marxism if it were not for the fact that it has turned the world upside down. Like all or most of the great canon of refutation, this criticism contains a compliment. Mr Shipley gives little or no explanation for the persistence of revolutionary ideas and organisation – he prefers to rely on semi-psychological explanations involving 'society's obsession with novelty and change' as well as a few heavy-handed observations about 'identity'. It is, of course, occasionally convenient to have a grasp of amateur shrinkery when confronting groups like the Workers Revolutionary Party, who are not paranoid at all – everybody really *is* following them, spying on them and (worst) laughing at them. The personality disorders which result from such a long isolation from the real political world are often very striking and colourful, but Shipley doesn't make much of them. As a result his narrative lacks *brio* and becomes a tedious accumulation of conference reports, baffling initials and sectariana.

In the foreword, Shipley thanks Mr Ian Greig, presumably the same Ian Greig of the Monday Club whose devoted work on subversion and infiltration is an example to us all. No good ever comes of advisers like that; they know the price of everything and the value of nothing. They can tell you when and where Dutschke and Cohn-Bendit met to discuss protest against the Vietnam war, but nothing about the origins and character – above all the motivation – of the great wave of feeling that Vietnam generated. After the bloody ruin and massacre which followed the Paris Commune, the First International was made a compulsory object of study for every policeman in Europe. Its frail form was made to bear the whole weight of social unrest from Budapest to Barcelona, and as a result all the research was wasted: when the next revolutionary wave broke, it took a different pace and rhythm altogether. The same is true of all subsequent 'internationals', except for the unspoken and unofficial conspiracy of the oppressed which was described so well by Victor Serge. Sects and sectarians are forever fighting the battles of the last war but one. Mr Shipley has made the same mistake as most of his subjects in subordinating theory to practice.

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Richard West

African Queen

East African Journey by MARGERY PERHAM
Faber £6.95

At the beginning of her great career as a writer on Africa, Margery Perham spent most of 1929-30 making a field trip which she recorded day by day in a journal intended for circulation to friends back in England. The first part of this journal, relating her experiences in southern and central Africa, was published two years ago as the delightful *African Apprenticeship*. Now Dame Margery has published more of this journal as *East African Journey*, on Kenya and Tanganyika, which is still more delightful, in spite of occasional signs that even her great energy could be taxed by the job of recording notes on safari.

At the time she was visiting Kenya, the white settlers were in one of their fits of temper against the English government for what they felt was a threat to deprive them of economic privilege over the Africans. Since Margery Perham took the side of the Africans on most questions, especially ownership of land, she was regarded as a dangerous red by settlers such as Lord Delamere, and even by some colonial officers, one of whom said she should be boiled in oil. She in turn was rude about white Nairobi and even the famous New Stanley Hotel –

> dirty and inefficient and full of white tykes. For almost the first time in my travels I was 'annoyed', in the legal sense, by men on the stairs and in sitting-rooms.

Although Margery Perham thought that

Colin Falck

Sleeping Out Under Stars

Perseus, Andromeda
(Her spiral nebula clear to the eye),
The Milky Way's passionate white swathe across the sky:

In the cool warmth on warmth of the night wind
This could be Ur of the Chaldees
Or Tenochtitlán.
It could be Spain, in that fierce summer of '36.

The hills around stand guard.
August: month of omens, meteors; a satellite
Threads its way among the stars.
I lie out in this high pass of the Guadarrama.

¡No pasarán!
These mild Welsh hills
Have shed their mists, are rediscovering
Their history.
The ground is hard and dry now
(I am asleep in Spain).

By morning the tears of forty years
Will have settled softly over everything.

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the English would rule Kenya for at least a hundred years, she was otherwise very clearsighted about what was happening. She saw through the prejudices and pretensions that were still generally held by the whites 30 years later. If she did not actually prophesy the Mau Mau revolt, she did explain how grievances over land were driving some Africans to secret violence and perversity. She had come to Kenya when the Kikuyu were at loggerheads with the missionaries, who were trying to prevent the practice of female circumcision. All Africa had been shocked by the murder of a white missionary woman whom her assailants had apparently tried to circumcise by force. We now learn that Margery Perham, at the request of a Kikuyu leader, agreed to spend a night on her own in a hut to demonstrate her faith in the Kikuyu people.

The experience scared even her; she admits that she did not sleep a wink. On another occasion, when out on safari, she managed to get to sleep soon after an incident that would have scared Ernest Hemingway:

> . . . the lions came on quickly; I thought I could distinguish four separate grunts, and soon I felt them rocking a big fallen tree just behind my tent and to which one of the ropes was attached.

The book ends with the best description of hunting, in this case buffalo, that I have ever read. All in all these journals are an admirable tailpiece to Dame Margery's great lifework devoted to Africa.

Valentine Cunningham

Penetration

Travesty by JOHN HAWKES *Chatto* £3.00
My Own Ground by HUGH NISSENSON *Secker & Warburg* £3.50
The God Spigo by ANNE TIBBLE *Duckworth* £3.25
Hotel de Dream by EMMA TENNANT *Gollancz* £3.95

It's slim and heterogeneous pickings only in the midsummer publishing breather. John Hawkes's *Travesty* sounds the last note in a much-lauded triad of novels: alas, it tinkles much more than it resounds. A driving monologuist is speeding towards a violent death and one he lengthily discusses with Henri – a poet, his old chum, and rival in the marital sack – and Chantal, his daughter and Henri's other mistress, trapped on board. Much of his talk is the uncompellingly drivelling stuff such solipsists always go in for when they've contrived a captive audience (no one hangs about for ancient mariners to unbutton their Lippo Lippis unless inescapably bound to).

The sort of themes that scrape past the uncompelling drivel – like the driver's reflections on the criminality of poets and the thrilling connection between erotic delights and smashing up motor cars – are so well rehearsed elsewhere that they'd need more bulking out than his merely mentioning them provides. When the driver has alleged that what he's up to is travestying a formative experience of nearly running over an aged poet and a young girl in a green car, Henri is heard for the first and only time – cutting the Proustian equation ('never simple' according to S. Beckett). 'Imagined life is more exhilarating than remembered life,' Henri claims, thus casting doubt on all the so-called remembrances his friend has larded him and us with. Remembered or imagined, though, some of the travestier's experiences – and it's the one point in *Travesty*'s favour – are certainly exhilarating, particularly the passages at arms with Monique the animated porno pic, and the tumescently described competition that made Chantal Queen of the Carrots.

My Own Ground is bulkier, gratifyingly unprone to the wire-drawn thinnesses of intellectual narcissism, and sturdily rooted in the specificities of Jewish life in Lower East Side New York in 1912. But still it makes only an addendum, a tiny caboose tacked on to the now enormous train headed for the Great New York Jewish Novel Junction in the sky. Unusually, and admirably, very little sogginess of heart is allowed to schmaltz over the harshnesses of immigrant life. Food and fags are short, sweated tailoring is ill-paid, children disappear on the other side while waiting for the passage money to arrive from America. In fact the face of the Shekinah is dark and it's not just the mournful Rabbi Isaacs (brought over from Kiev by a *shul* that then couldn't stomach his old-fashioned habits) who believes a messiah is due: the Marxist Osipovich also reads the signs of the times as pointing to History's imminent End. The novel deals condoningly with neither apocalypticist, and it's still less sentimental in depicting the miseries caused to the Ukrainian Jewish community by the Ukrainian Jew, the pimp Red Schlifka. He has suffered himself from Russian goys, he is kind enough to our tough hero, young Jake Brody, but he brutalises girls like the Rabbi's daughter Hannele with drugs and violence and non-stop *shtupping* (the accounts of the process make for grimly hard-edged erotica) into the slavery of his brothels. And least sentimental of all, perhaps, is Hannele's taking the shame on herself with a kind of insanely evil joy, and refusing to be saved by the world-redeeming Osipovich.

With *The God Spigo* Anne Tibble claims a good sliver of Beryl Bainbridge country – so it's unsurprising she appears on the Duckworth list – but still only a sliver. In it a deserted wife answers an ad for a governess-companion in the wilds of Cumbria and finds her charges a shockingly stunted trio of malformed cousins mobilised only by wire and plastic limbs and corsets. Their mothers have consigned them to a locked tower packed with educational gadgets but void of human company. However, keys and Big Fred, who likes to scare them with a ghostly get-up, can't keep them wholly confined and they break out to consort with a circus of gipsies, blow up frogs and drive nails through the eyes of neighbourhood dogs in sacrifice to Spigo, the cruel deity they've invented. Even grislier things almost happen, including what reads like the near-penetration by sharp implement of the girl's rather deficient private parts. And actually happen: the two boys are finally suffocated by smoke in Spigo's shrine. But somehow the kept-up grotesquerie fails to be truly nauseating and, like the kids' brightly rebuking chat about the world's cruelty to children with which it's evidently supposed to connect, remains oddly blunted.

Hotel de Dream is only hand-me-down Flann O'Brien, noticeably tireder than its master. The depressed gentlefolks of the grotty Wintringham Hotel eagerly quit their pongy domicile (the domestic Cridge defecates into a collection of dishes that are emptied only once a week or when they're needed for catering purposes) in rather obviously needful dreaming. The dreams' casts take to travelling from dream to dream and when a lady novelist arrives to complete her trilogy her characters pop in and out of both the real and dream life of the hotel. These characters make a run for freedom; Cridge is reclaimed for the fiction he once inhabited, and he tries unavailingly to bump off both his employer and the novelist in a piece of gothick writing. The only person Emma Tennant appears really to get into is a revolutionary whose Sixties career and politics she carefully describes but who is made to have precious little to do with the rest of the novel's doings.

POLITICAL DYNAMITE

Everyone who believes in democracy and honesty in public life should read

NO SHINING ARMOUR

by Eddie Milne, 14 years MP for Blyth, whose fight against corruption lost him membership of the Labour party and his seat (£4.95 and £1.95 paperback). Also **Community Politics** edited by Peter Hain, a fascinating handbook to help fight bureaucracy and unfeeling authority (£4.95 and £1.95 paper).

LITERARY ELEGANCE

The Supernatural Short Stories of R. L. Stevenson ("a rare anthology") (£4.95), Ludovic Janvier's **The Bathing Girl** ("ideal Summer reading") (£4.95), **New Writers 12** (with David Galloway's **Melody Jones,** a harrowing gay love affair in a Go-Go bar, Patrick Morrisey's macabre **The Noctuary,** Joyce Mansour's surrealist **Contended Effigies**) (£4.95 and £2.25 paper), Raymond Queneau's (translated at last) **The Sunday of Life** (£5.95) and **Eva Peron** by (the shocking French playwright) Copi (£4.95).

JOHN CALDER 18 BREWER STREET, LONDON W1

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Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

The Skin of Their Teeth

The White Devil *Old Vic*
Small Change *Royal Court*
Some of my Best Friends Are Husbands *Mermaid*
The Pleasure of his Company *Phoenix*

The last time *The White Devil* was performed at the Old Vic the Italian aristocracy was reduced to a plague of flies, moths, squidgy bugs and bloodsuckers, and Rome and Padua shrunk to the wall whose dark corners they inhabited. It was, of course, a gratuitous and quite unnecessary gloss on a perfectly comprehensible play, but the picture presented wasn't altogether alien to Webster, who tended to see humanity as something best squashed underfoot, however gilded its appearance. That can't be said of the *White Devil* that has just reopened the same, venerable theatre. It inexplicably transforms Webster's courtly abattoir into what appears to be the interior of a 1920s hotel, complete with revolving doors which, equally inexplicably, become conventional, hinged ones halfway through the evening. The *padrone*, it seems, is Jack Shepherd's Flamineo, a discreet figure in a lounge suit, rubbing his hands over an invisible visitors' book that includes the names of dukes, whores, monks, ghosts, madmen, stranglers, a Pope and the pinstriped consultant surgeon who murders one guest by poisoning the bedroom portrait she is in the habit of kissing. It is a curiously drab and downbeat way to handle the dramatist who, in Eliot's words,

> was much possessed by death
> And saw the skull beneath the skin;
> And breastless creatures underground
> Leaned backwards with a lipless grin.

The idea, no doubt, is to prevent us dismissing the action as mere Jacobean extravagance. The director is Michael Lindsay-Hogg, who has recently been working on that small-screen parable *Bill Brand*, and the editor-adaptor turns out to be none other than Edward Bond, who has himself often used savage cruelties to illustrate the workaday violence of British society. Both clearly want to remind us that nowadays, too, people exploit and misuse one another: they are still tempted by money and corrupted by power, even if they do wear dinner jackets and vaguely Turkish dressing-gowns instead of doublets and hose. But this well-intentioned approach manages to subtract force, excitement and emotional variety from actors who anyway seem awkward and uneasy in each others' company. Glenda Jackson's Vittoria is little more than sullen and scratchy; James Villiers's Brachiano should really be in pads, lumbering out of some public-school cricket pavilion; Jack Shepherd is at his most abstracted, preoccupied and withdrawn, a young man deep in conversation with himself; and Patrick Magee makes a fey, singsong Monticelso, disconcertingly apt to rephrase 'kill' as 'keel' or 'shall I expound?' as 'shell ee expond?'. They are a pretty dull lot. But the real trouble with the production is that it unWebsters Webster, who is nothing if not lurid and spectacular. You can't wrap his rococo imagination in Bradford worsted, or reduce his Chamber of Horrors to store-window dummies.

If I had to name one person who encapsulated the spirit of the Royal Court over the past decade it would not be Edward Bond, though all his important plays have been staged there. He is too idiosyncratic, too bizarre. No, it would be the gentle, introverted man who directed Bond's *Fool*, established D. H. Lawrence as a major dramatist with famous productions of *The Widowing of Mrs Holroyd* and *The Daughter-in-Law*, and is now offering us his own *Small Change* in that same cramped crate of a stage. What Peter Gill stands for, both as director and occasional playwright, is social responsibility, concern for the deprived and oppressed, truth of observation, austerity of effect, mistrust of razzmatazz, fireworks and fun: that theatrical puritanism which some have dismissed as worthy and boring, others hailed for its integrity, and all agreed to be 'very Royal Court'. His sensitivity and humanity is very Royal Court, and so, perhaps, is a certain humourlessness. Even the *Twelfth Night* he staged for the Royal Shakespeare Company turned out to be very Royal Court, what with Feste snarling at the Illyrian plutocracy and sneering at the audience for its own supposed frivolity. So no one should be too surprised by *Small Change*, which reduces the city of Cardiff to four chairs on a bare stage, its citizenry to two actors and two actresses, four potted lives whose ambit stretches all the way from the glum to the grim.

Cardiff is where Gill grew up and where he set his earlier plays, *Sleeper's Den* and *Over Gardens Out*. It is a place (you feel) that he'd like to shake out of his head and wash out of his hair – and, in spite of all its squalor and poverty and painful memories, simply can't do so. Of course, it would be wildly presumptuous to equate him with Gerald, the young man we see bickering with his mum, going birdwatching and swimming with Vincent next door, and finally wrenching himself off to some career far away from home. You might as sensibly identify him with Vincent's bewildered, depressed mother, who ends by swallowing caustic, or either of the other characters. The point is that he writes as if he were trapped in all four heads, as they worry away at old miseries, old obsessions, trying to pester some sense out of experiences that continue to elude them. It's like living in a house knee-deep in clutter which everyone is powerless to tidy away. The past is inescapable, and irrecoverable: scarcely a first-hand conclusion, but one which Gill puts across with first-hand intelligence and feeling.

I was moved, but more by the first half than the second, which waxes rather heavy over the revelation that the boys came to love one another as well as their mothers. Gill can be literary and pretentious as well as tough-minded and vivid. But the acting of Marjorie Yates, June Watson, James Hazeldine and Phillip Joseph, though 'very Royal Court' in its restraint, is unvaryingly subtle and sentient – which is more than one can say for the spun-nylon playing we get in both *Husbands* and *Company*. The first of these is Hugh Leonard's mongrel attempt to father a traditional French farce: he has done, and should know, much better. The second is a sentimental comedy by Samuel Taylor, whose curious proposition is that it's better for a grown-up girl to gad about the Mediterranean with the playboy father she hardly knows than to wed the decent and affectionate rancher she purports to love. Gawping at the Parthenon is 'seeing life' and 'experience', which marriage apparently isn't. Peter Dews's production brings several names back from the never-never land, including Dinah Sheridan, Wilfrid Hyde White and Douglas Fairbanks Jr, whose idea of personating a feckless charmer is to smile, smile and smile again. Even a whack on the cheek from his enraged ex-wife does nothing to zip up his persistent teeth. If someone in authority could only collect all the white Mr Fairbanks Jr flashes at us in the course of the evening, he could blanco St Pancras Station gratis.

Television

Ian Hamilton

Fatcats

'I sort of get to thinking, where's the reason, where's the rhyme?' Thus the apt refrain which from time to time interrupted *World in Action*'s probe into the health of our MPs. The idea was to take four representatively out-of-condition representatives and treat them to a before-and-after experiment in coronary avoidance. Before, each was horribly afflicted with free fatty acids, clot factors, cholesterol, and so on; each was overweight, nicotine-stained ('good golden brown colour, those fingers – how much do *you* smoke?') and too frequently thirst-prone.

Frightful sights, the four of them, we mused, as the camera censoriously toured their ridged torsoes. Off they went, vile bodies masked by World in Action T-shirts, to something called the Cavendish Medical Centre, where – cheered on by our recklessly rotund Minister for Sport – they were made to embark on a regime of abstinence and exercise. At the end of a month, a month in which they were issued with portable electro-cardiograms to check their

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stress-response to moments of excitement in the House, the four reassembled for a check-up, and guess what? Weight down, cholesterol down, fags and booze eliminated, coronaries indefinitely postponed. Smugly, the saved quartet discussed how much better they would now be at serving their constituents, and in case any of us had sort of got to thinking that half an hour's television time had been spent telling us what we have known (if gloomily) for years, an evangelical ingredient was permitted to appear. As Lynda Chalker, the only woman among the four, wrote in the *Guardian* on the day of the show,

> Four convinced MPs will now set about persuading others that the advice they were given and on which they now act, can do a great deal to reduce the incidence of heart disease, the misery it causes, and the costs it imposes on our troubled health service.

So you see, it wasn't really about boring old health, it was about *money*.

'So You Think You Know About Love' leered Cliff Michelmore on BBC-1 last week. A pretty odd thing to say to people with lives empty enough to be reduced to watching him, but he leered on nonetheless. His panel didn't seem to mind being thought of as experts in the field. Marjorie Proops deals with 35,000 'love-problems' every year, Bryan Forbes and Gemma Craven have something to do with a romantic film called *The Slipper and the Rose*, and Patrick Mower knows all there is to know about self-love (an important subdivision in which all concerned seemed versed). Also on display were Kingsley Amis and his wife Elizabeth Jane Howard; she because 'all the books I write are romantic' and he because . . . well, I don't really know, and nor – to do him credit – did he seem to. His demeanour throughout was close enough to the contemptuous for one to be nervous now and then that even Michelmore might spot it; unfair of Amis, in a way, because Cliff did save all the tough, culture questions for him ('Botticelli, of course, humph, shame to take the money') and made sure that Craven and Mower were fed the low-grade hearts and flowers material. The whole thing, though, was insufferably vacuous and coy – it was neither a game (the questions were too easy) nor a spur to lively chat (the contestants were either too dim or too sluggishly non-involved). It all had the appearance of something dreamed up to humour Michelmore, or just to give him something to do in the evenings.

The Philpott File (BBC-2) on 'How South Africa Faces Television' got off to a promising start on the same night. It examined and illustrated the well-known Afrikaaner objections to the medium – that it will disrupt family life, keep people out of church and in general 'undermine obedience' – and it efficiently checked out the various anti-TV pressure groups. It's hard to make a programme about South Africa without producing three or four spine-chilling Boer complacencies, and Philpott delivered his fair share. Would there be much censorship of South African TV? 'We want control, not censorship. We don't like that word.' Should Sunday programmes be exclusively religious, to protect the hallowed Afrikaaner Sunday? 'Well, not all religious, but (with vehemence) *certainly cultural*!' Apparently, some of the most heated opposition to television has come from the booming home-movie industry; for a mere £8 you can hire a projector and an up-to-the-minute American feature film and show it on your parlour wall. Everyone seems to have parlour walls big enough to house *Ben Hur* – everyone white and well off, that's to say. It's those who don't, of course, who are going to get disobedient types of pleasure from the new medium. Philpott continues his investigation over two more programmes, and they should be watched.

Films

John Coleman

Dog's Dinner

Won Ton Ton, the Dog Who Saved Hollywood *Plaza 2; ABC Fulham Road; ABC 2 Bayswater*
Requiem for a Village *The Essential, 76 Wardour Street*
The True Nature of Bernadette *Berkeley 2*
At the Earth's Core *Odeon, Marble Arch*

How Michael Winner goes on going on has long been past conjecture: this time at least we may say it's dogged as does it, a capacity to cajole and persuade where lesser men would have soon beat a retreat, their egos in a sling. With *Won Ton Ton*, hereinafter known as WTT, he proves himself a mini-Mike Todd. The roster of famous film names who put in walk-throughs so fleeting as to be damn near subliminal includes (and I am picking these out with a pin) Jackie Coogan, Aldo Ray, Yvonne de Carlo, Andy Devine, Dorothy Lamour, Rudy Vallee, Ann Miller, the Ritz Brothers, Cyd Charisse, Alice Faye and Walter Pidgeon. Watching this send-up of Hollywood in the Twenties rapidly takes on the sense of being quizzed out of one's mind (was *that* Peter Lawford? Rhonda Fleming?), which is probably as well, since the film itself is rather low on actual entertainment. Written by Arnold Schulman and Cy Howard, it strikes a note of parody indicated by its title: WTT is – no prizes – Rin-Tin-Tin re-born, a German shepherd credited as barked and loped through by a pooch named Augustus Von Schumacher. He saves an aspiring starlet, Estie Del Ruth (Madeline Kahn), from a fate worse than death but better than hunger, is spotted so doing by a bankrupt studio boss, J. J. Fromberg (Art Carney), who is in turn conned into believing that the wonder dog belongs to one Grayson Potchuck (Bruce Dern), a tour bus driver and would-be writer and producer. Mr Dern's favourite ploy throughout is to suggest such ludicrous plots to Carney as the panic caused by a killer-shark or some idle folly about a girl possessed by the devil. This *is* funny.

From there on in, I made it a genuine laugh every three minutes. Trouble ensues when Miss Kahn emerges as the only person capable of making WTT act and Dern has to smuggle her on set (once camouflaged as a walking cactus) to save his new producer's status: Carney hates her. Then the nation's male heart-throb, Rudy Montague (Ron Leibman, giving them the sheikhs) meets Estie/Kahn while he is watching one of his movies for the tenth time, attired in drag. He insists on her for his next picture, with the dog; it is a floperoo; he makes a call to a killer, Nick (Victor Mature), inviting him to rub out 'two people and a doggie'. 'It's the fag,' snarls Nick to his floozie. But all is not lost. Mark Bennett (Ronny Graham), the king of custard-pie comedy, sees Estie's slapstick potential and the lady finds stardom. Won Ton Ton goes downhill fast, succumbing to drink and three shots at suicide, while a reward is offered for his safe return by Estie and Grayson, now wed and living in splendour. Like Fredric March and James Mason before him, old WTT starts swimming out to sea. Unlike them, he survives. After such gags as Joan Blondell telling a nude little girl sunbathing on the grass to 'get your clothes on, Norma Jean' and Stepin Fetchit summoned from retirement to do a shuffling, grovelling butler's dance, one is tempted to rechristen the mishmash *A Star is Still-Born*. On balance, though, it might be worth a visit.

The adventurous Derek Hill, never far from the action this side of the water, is renting what used to be the Bijou in Wardour Street ('the first cinema in Soho to be converted from tart house to art house', as he puts it), dubbing it the Essential, and – starting this Thursday as a club, membership 25p a year – giving films he likes evening and weekend showings. David Gladwell's *Requiem for a Village* produced by the BFI Production Board and admired by many at last year's London Film Festival, is so clearly a work of craft, dignity and devotion – 'everything that *Akenfield* might have been', wrote *The Times* – that my failure to respond to it should not be adduced as evidence for the prosecution. Drawing on the villagers of Witnesham and Metfield in Suffolk, and notably old Vic Smith, working and reminiscing in a churchyard, Gladwell mixes his images of past and present – a blacksmith's and motor bikes, ploughed earth and fresh, hard roads – in a way that recalls, as another critic, Elizabeth Sussex, has noted, the Eliot of *East Coker*: the same critic points out that it was a reading of the books of George Ewart Evans which finally prompted the director towards realising an idea dormant since 1958. An even earlier work, George Bourne's celebrated *The Wheelwright's Shop*, came momentarily back into my consciousness as I watched. Somehow, this very personal attempt at a kind of visual poetry never cohered into anything sustained: the daring of actual resurrection, bodies pushing aside gravel, rising from graves; the stiltedness of speech, gesture that is always a risk when the camera is on amateurs; some slow-motion passages – all these combined to destroy rather than create a mood. In the same programme is an hour-long 'celebration of the senses', Mike Csaky's *How Does It Feel*, to which the knee-jerk response is 'irritated'. R. D. Laing, R. L. Gregory, Dav

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Hockney, Michael Tippett and a bioenergetic therapist (*sic*), Nadine Scott, among others, talk to us amiably in all directions; we see a baby born, a naked fellow standing on his hands on a hilltop, Ms Scott heartily chopping at the neck of one of her subjects, Laing's charming wife and kids, and are initially requested to 'consider the Eskimo'; I shall wait, with what possession I can muster, for the book, edited by Mr Csaky and to be issued by Thames and Hudson next spring

The French-Canadian Gilles Carle's *The True Nature of Bernadette*, made in 1971, has an attractive heroine in Micheline Lanctot, who starts out whacky and ends up whacked. This Bernadette skips from Montreal and a lawyer husband one fine day, driving off to a derelict farmhouse with her small son and a mound of fruit. Quicker than you can say Quebec, she is up to her loins in earth-mother problems, affording sexual comfort to men old, young and just limping, cutely hanging apples and bananas from a tree, teaching a tart's abandoned child to walk and talk, making water flow, getting taken for a saint by some and a mug by two characters called St Marc and St Luc. The pictures are wonderfully fecund but the moral sterile. Kevin Connor's *At the Earth's Core*, manhandled by Milton Subotsky from another Edgar Rice Burroughs story, has some of the team that gave us *The Land that Time Forgot* (including, alas, the graceless Doug McClure as hero), Peter Cushing as a comic relief scientist, and a monster a minute. Spot on for bloodthirsty 10-year-olds, it has an 'A' certificate.

Music

Bayan Northcott

Radical Pique

We Come to the River *Covent Garden*
Lutyens 70th Birthday *Purcell Room*
Alexander Goehr New Works

Daughter of famous but unmusical parents and expected to fulfil the caste role of dutiful deb, Elisabeth Lutyens turned to composition as a means of self-preservation and discovery. 'Too bad if I had no talent – I would simply have to acquire one,' she has recalled. Son of a distinguished Schoenberg pupil, Alexander Goehr has always emulated the master's injunction to a maximum clarity and richness of communication, even if admitting, 'I can only compose in one way, unfortunately'. Both Lutyens and Goehr would doubtless concede that the young Hans Werner Henze was far more naturally gifted – in his almost somnambulistic powers of stylistic imitation, for example. Yet as Henze told Peter Heyworth in his 50th-birthday interview on Radio 3 the other week, the development of his talents was complicated from the start by the opposition of his Nazi father and the alienating social climate of post-war Germany.

Early success at least won him time to think, however. Elisabeth Lutyens's development seems to have been snatched at odd moments from an endless struggle to raise a family and make ends meet. Conceived in unavoidable haste, yet understandably aspiring to the objectivity of a still centre, her successes have something of the unpredictability of lucky throws. Perhaps they number only a handful out of a huge output; only a few years back Lutyens herself still felt that she had not begun to write, 'as I *would* or *could*'. Yet the *Five Intermezzi* of 1939, most sensitively played by that promising young pianist, Richard Deering, in his birthday tribute last Friday, already suggested the emergence of her fierce, independent purity, to be heard resounding more luminously than ever through the recent *Plenum* Op. 86, despite the intervening decades of studied neglect by the British musical establishment.

Goehr has always tended to mediate his personal qualities, not least a touching gift for intimate expression, through his more public feeling of responsibility to the musical language. If the combination of the serial and modal innovations of Schoenberg, Messiaen and Boulez in a new harmonic method represents his most progressive technical achievement, he has also shown an increasing interest in reclamation: 'Sometimes the bringing back of old, discredited devices in new contexts can point the way forward.' Indeed the startling combination of poly-modal chords with almost Brahmsian phrasing at the beginning of his String Quartet No. 3, first performed and broadcast by the Lindsay Quartet last month, made the post-Schoenbergian fidgets that rather regrettably disrupted its rondo finale sound the more conventional element. Yet his recent setting of *Psalm 4* for voices and organ in an hieratic sequence of two-part canons and modal variations upon a simple *cantus* somehow contrives to make the barest harmonies sound like radiant discoveries. Goehr followed it in the City of London Festival Concert he conducted in St Bartholomew's, Smithfield, last Thursday, with his new *Fugue on Psalm 4*. Ostensibly traditional in structure, its flowing momentum actually adumbrated a means of exorcising the fidgets from his future music.

Of course figures such as Lutyens and Goehr are easily dismissed as 'bourgeois individualists' or 'formalists' by those who hold with the librettist of *We Come to the River* that 'the only valid art today is socialist art'. Whether Henze himself would be entitled to do any dismissing is another matter. Doubtless he has earned his wealth, and his much-publicised conversion to revolutionary socialism may well be an expiation of the years of navel-watching in Italy during the Fifties, when a Marxist stand in his native land really would have taken some guts. But the spectacle of such declared socialists as Henze and Edward Bond presiding over a ruinously lavish Covent Garden commission, on the grounds that 'the artist must help to create the image and consciousness of the working class', certainly needs a bit of explaining.

Or would do if their efforts amounted even remotely to anything coherent. The plot follows the downfall of a great empire through the eyes of one of its generals. Disaffected by his own atrocities, he is cooped up in a madhouse by the embarrassed authorities, finally being blinded on the Emperor's last order, while a chorus of his dead peasant victims sings of its hope in the future. Theatrically the piece comprises an almost wilful anthology of all the tired old 'protest' clichés: salvoes of blank cartridges din the ears, Marat-Sade pathos is squeezed drop by drop out of the mad scenes, and the final spotlight fades on a single helpless child. But Henze's ascendancy over his librettist must have been altogether extraordinary to talk him into a gratuitous scheme of continuous triple-decker staging guaranteed, before a note was added, to obscure three-quarters of the words and actions.

He makes no better use of his own bright ideas. The possibilities for immediacy in covering the pit, disposing the orchestra in groups about the stage and building huge gongs and thundersheets into the set itself are frittered away in decorative inconsequence. Despite David Atherton's heroic direction of a vast cast and orchestra, it is this conspicuous waste – so wickedly in keeping with the libretto's implicit, culinary sentiment – that ought finally to bring home Henze's tragic failure to grow up as a composer. In the last resort it is not that he seems incapable of any dramatic momentum save the desultory andante or febrile outburst, nor that his style remains as unintegrated as ever in its second-hand expressionist gestures and avant-garde sound effects, nor even that he is unable to develop the simplest ideas without lapsing into aimless elaboration: it is the mindless sensationalism with which ideas, textures, tempi, what-have-you are heaped on each other that makes one despair of him so utterly. Any gratitude for the respite of a few patches of epigonic lyricism, such as the Emperor's mock-oriental aria, is confounded by the sheer unknowing effrontery of the collaborators' programme note to the effect that 'The disciplines of art are like grammar, they express the need to articulate and communicate.'

Elisabeth Lutyens subsidises her self-explorations by a lifetime of chores such as copying and film music. She is 56 before any of her works are commercially recorded, and the small but affectionate audience at her 70th-birthday concert largely comprises ex-pupils (some of them now eminent). At 43, Alexander Goehr has won a professorship and a modest following of 'thinking listeners' for his efforts to keep up the language. Still little recorded, he is regularly dismissed as reactionary by the orthodox avant-garde. At 50, Henze has a large discography, a villa in Florence and a manager to look after his career. He writes an opera rotten with artistic and ideological self-deception; it is mounted with vast *réclame* at Covent Garden and scheduled by half the opera houses in Germany. There must be a moral here somewhere.

A black mark to the gremlin who deflected my parting shot last week by substituting 'historical' for 'historicist'.

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Art

John Spurling

Minds' Eyes

Bridget Riley *Rowan Gallery*
Willem de Kooning *Gimpel Fils*

In Borge's story 'The Parable of the Palace', the Yellow Emperor shows the poet his almost infinite garden, whose 'straight avenues underwent a very slight but continuous curvature and secretly were circles'. Further on, 'each hundred steps a tower cut the air; to the eye their colour was identical, though the first one was yellow and the last scarlet, so delicate were the gradations and so long the series'. Bridget Riley may disdain literary associations, but she has created over the last 16 years a visual labyrinth whose peculiar combination of formal grandeur and vertigo corresponds to that of the Yellow Emperor's garden.

There is, in the first place, a sense of being out-of-doors, or at any rate not indoors, in her paintings. It is not a matter of looking at a landscape or even at the abstractions of a landscape, though the horizontal rolling curves of two of the paintings at the Rowan may momentarily suggest dunes or waves and one of them bears the title *Sheng Tung*, a particular quality desired by Chinese landscape artists. The whole context of confinement within walls or solid shapes is wiped away. The spectator is transported as it were into space; not viewing it point by point, as Emperor and poet must, but experiencing it whole, as Borges and his reader do.

This partly pleasurable, partly uncomfortable experience is caused by the set of exactly balanced conundrums presented to the eye: lines which are colours, colours which are lines; frozen curves which pulsate but cannot quite be caught doing so: symmetries which seem to be asymmetries and vice versa; elusive flashes of colour which cannot be found painted on the canvas. And if one starts to think that these are only tricks, that the solid evidence of the canvas at nose-length is enough to dissolve the illusory effects seen from a distance, it is still more disturbing to reflect that after all this very conflict of information has proved the eyes to be unreliable witnesses. Reality for them is both the twisted vertical strands of green, pink and blue on light grey which are the sole visible content of *Untitled I* at close quarters and equally the wavering green and orange flame which occupies the same place on the wall when seen from across the gallery.

In physical terms, the discomfort is no doubt chiefly located in one's restless eyes, while the pleasure is that of the mind in colour and order. Yet the pleasure is itself partly restless, since it cannot settle on particular details, textures or passages, but must take all or nothing. Again, it is an ambivalent pleasure, at once directly sensual and remotely conceptual, as if the gentle oscillation of *Pale Painting*'s olive, pink and pale blue curves, for example, were both a field of flowers and the universal laws of growth.

Downstairs, there are some small gouaches, reminders of or riders to the strange experience upstairs, but there is one of special interest, since it is all twisted curves of colour without any neutral ground between. Perhaps this is a glimpse of the next part of the garden. At the foot of the stairs is a single large canvas painted with straight verticals instead of twisted curves, the door as it might be from an earlier section of Riley's labyrinth, whose obvious limitations begin to look more and more illusory.

Willem de Kooning, now over 70 and one of the Old Masters of Abstract Expressionism, has alternated between figure paintings with abstract connections and abstracts in which bits of figures are loosely buried. His show at Gimpel Fils contains a few spiky drawings of blousy ladies dating mostly from the Fifties (the period when his Woman paintings became virtually the trademark of his art) and a small red and yellow abstract with a dismembered hand, but chiefly consists of eight large, cloudy abstract paintings without titles. Two of them, it is true, have suggestive sub-titles – 'Water . . . Soft Banks, and a Window' and 'Screams of Children Come from Seagulls' – but otherwise the spectator is left to conjure up his own associations.

The fact that one feels no urge to, that one is content to let the eye float lazily over bright smooth patches of colour interspersed with large neutral areas of white, beige, pale pink, is no doubt part of de Kooning's intention. In 1953 the American critic Clement Greenberg wrote that 'de Kooning's ambition is perhaps the largest, or at least the most profoundly sophisticated, ever to be seen in a painter domiciled in this country (America)'. He changed his opinion some years later, but it must be said that ambition is the last emotion one would associate with these recent paintings. Perhaps they have to do with satisfied ambition. Few of us could be judges of that.

Ballet

Oleg Kerensky

Sweetmeats

The Merry Widow *Palladium*
Royal Ballet *Covent Garden*
Nureyev Festival *Coliseum*
Dance Senegal *Sadler's Wells*

Old-fashioned theatres without air-conditioning have hardly been suitable for intense concentration these last few weeks, so it's lucky that most of the ballet offerings have been frankly old-fashioned and escapist. I have a notoriously sweet tooth at any time; *The Merry Widow*, translated from sung operetta to danced, was bound to be my slice of *Sachertorte*. Sir Robert Helpmann's production for the Australian Ballet, with exceedingly glamorous costumes and striking sets by Desmond Heeley, is theatrical and very appropriate as the first full-scale ballet ever staged at the Palladium. Lehár's cornucopia of lilting tunes reappears in another of John Lanchbery's skilful adaptations and the company dance with enormous zest and charm. In the first cast, Lucette Aldous stole the chief honours, making Valencienne a totally enticing flirt as well as being charmingly sympathetic towards her cuckolded husband. Kelvin Coe as her stylish lover and John Meehan as a handsome Danilo, dancing well but not exuding very much personality, ran her close. Marilyn Rowe's Widow was too young and innocent, but she is very pretty and dances the schmaltzy waltzes lightly and enticingly. In the alternate cast, Marilyn Jones looked much more like an authentic Widow and acted more persuasively; the other three principals were only marginally less good than their predecessors.

But if this is *Sachertorte*, there is not quite enough in the way of *schlagobers*. Each of the three acts ends with just one or two people on the stage – not exhilarating enough for this kind of work. Humour is in short supply, though there is quite a bit in the first scene, and Ronald Hynd's acceptable but unoriginal choreography becames a little repetitive. A slushy hidden choir intrudes on the music from time to time, in what almost seems like a deliberate parody of Hollywood, but is actually insisted upon by Lehár's heirs, who own the copyright. After two attractive sets with lots of trellis-work and Chinese lanterns, Chez Maxime (*sic*) looks a little vulgar in something closer to orange than the traditional maroon. Ashton and Levasseur, say, would have done it all better. But it is fun; it should appeal to all except the most determinedly aesthetic, and has the rare fault, nowadays, of being too short.

The Royal Ballet's summer treats at Covent Garden have included three most welcome returns: Ashton's glorious *A Month in the Country*, Ann Jenner as a charming and light-footed Lise in his equally glorious *La Fille Mal Gardée*, and Antoinette Sibley, as nimble as ever after maternity leave, in his shamelessly 'Bolshoi' *Thaïs* pas de deux. Sibley made her debut 17 years ago in *Coppélia* at the very first School matinée; this year the School did *Coppélia* again, with a delightful new charmer in Susan Lucas.

Several familiar Covent Garden faces have also been appearing at the Coliseum, as 'friends' of Nureyev. In particular Lynn Seymour achieved unexpected feats of technical virtuosity in *Corsair* as well as learning one of the leading roles in Paul Taylor's contemporary but lyrical *Aureole*. Like *The Merry Widow*, 'Nureyev and Friends' lacked a proper finale and the programme had less obvious audience appeal than the similar one last year in New York. This week's final programme is perhaps the most satisfying of the whole Nureyev marathon. His James in Scottish Ballet's excellent production of *La Sylphide* is very well danced and has some new dramatic touches – a dazed look when the Sylph flits past in the first act and humorous disbelief when the witch refuses him the scarf. For contrast

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Nureyev is alternating a witty, quirky role in Murray Louis's *Moment* and the demented dance-teacher in Flemming Flindt's *The Lesson*.

It is tropical at Sadler's Wells in both senses. *Dance Senegal* has superb acrobatics, an incredible human haystack, a very attractive stringed lute and xylophone, and the most ear-shattering drums you ever heard. It's a bit of a change from Ballet Rambert's 50th-anniversary season which preceded them. Next time I write, I will consider this and reflect on the whole state of 'modern' dance, inspired I hope by Martha Graham's admirable company, which will soon be breaking new ground at Covent Garden, showing us some of the seminal works without which none of today's modern dance would exist.

Weekend Competition

No 2421 Set by Mama E. Moses

'Cruising for a bruising' is a recently coined phrase, meaning roughly 'looking for trouble'. Parallel clinches spring to mind . . . flouncing for a trouncing, hastening for a chastening, lolloping for a walloping. I'd better limit you to five entries per man – when you start on this comp, you'll see why. By 30 July.

Result of No 2418 Set by E. O. Parrott

Competitors were asked to devise clerihews on regular contributors to the NS – including, of course, their excellent selves.

Report by Spiro Keats

People are partial to Arthur Marshall, and think what an odd sod is Roger Woddis; they regard Tony Howard as a bit of a coward, and would look forward to better health if Donald Gould ruled – OK. Many disgruntled entrants are finding Martin Fagg a bit of a drag – though no one, I'm pleased to see, has adopted Mr Pollard's ingenious expedient of sneaking their entries into the paper's correspondence columns. There's rather a gaggle of you this week, so just the £2.50 each. Cheers!

Richard Noakes
Is one of those blokes
Who, though he has not yet won,
Thinks he ought to have done.
RICHARD NOAKES

Paul Theroux
Writes about new books.
(Or is it pronounced Therou?
(In which case he writes about books that are new.)
C. VITA-FINZI

Mr Anthony Howard,
Though intellectually high-powered,
Finds themes couldn't be elusiver
When he's doing Crucifer.

If anyone mentions
Pensions
Jack Jones
Groans. S. A. PRIDDLE

Paul Johnson
After his *Staggers* swan-song,
Wrote a book which he hopes
Will be cash for old Popes.
MAUD GRACECHURCH

My complaint against C. Vita-Finzi
Is that every time he wins, he
Chooses a theme that I, sort of,
Get an irritating feeling it's one *I* should have thought of.

Competitions set by Maud Gracechurch
Usually make my broad face lurch;
Only after I've banned whiskies and shunned rums
Am I in a fit state to risk his conundrums.
GERRY HAMILL

Mr Martin Fagg
Isn't one to brag,
But keeps a teeny weeny list
Of entries that missed. DAN HAZLEWOOD

When offered the job of TV critic,
Dennis Potter
Exclaimed: 'What a
Wonderful chance to write about the only thing that interests me –
I.e. Potter, D.'

'Shucks!'
Cried Anthony Howard when told that 'Crux'
Was no longer available. There's no excuse if a
Chap can't even think up a – I've got it! – 'Crucifer'!'
COLIN KIMBERLEY

The entire contents of this mag.
Are written by a syndicate calling itself 'Martin Fagg' –
At any rate, I have heard tell so
From Ian Kelso.

E. O. Parrott
Is owed, it would seem, a £3 carrot.
But since 'Hamill' is probably yet another of his *noms*
De plume, why the letter-bombs?
BRIAN ALLGAR

Jethro B. Tuckett
Said, 'Fuck it!
Housman doesn't have an 'e' –
I wonder what came over me?'
NAOMI MARKS

James Fenton
Seems bent on
Attacking hacks
In dirty macs. WALTER ROTHSCHILD

St Mug,
Bitten by a pessimystic bug,
Thinks ours will be the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah
Tomorrah.

Hopefully, Kingsley Amis
Won't see this,
Else there'd be a confrontation
Situation. STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

As a poet, he may not be in Elizabeth Barratt's
Class; but E. O. Parrott's
Competition entries certainly stand out from the rest of the jetsam –
Particularly when he sets 'em.
ALBAN GIRRAL

Corinna Adam
Hates being called Madam.
'Zzzzzzzzzz!'
She hisses in annoyance. 'Kindly address me as Ms!'
G. J. BLUNDELL

Assiac
Writes even briefer notes than Old Moore in his Almanac;
But that's chess,
I guess. JETHRO B. TUCKET

Assiac
Chess Board

No 1390 Pre-hypermodern

It is well over half a century since we had the heyday of what was then called 'hypermodern chess', Reti, Nimzowitsch, Tartakower and others of the post-war breed of masters striving to dominate the centre rather than occupying it with pawns right away. It hasn't been all that 'hyper'-modern in recent years and decades, it has simply become integrated – the greatest possible compliment for the forerunners – with 'modern' strategy and opening theory. All the more interesting to look at a new book entitled *Lesser-known Chess Masterpieces 1906-15*, a *Dover* paperback published by Constable at £2.60 and edited by F. Wilson on the basis of the good old 'Year-Books'. To pick from its collection of 335 well selected and annotated games I might as well indulge in some nostalgia and remember my old friend Jacques Mieses who, at Ostend 1906 (White against Tchigorin) produced a remarkable brevity, not without some theoretical interest either at a time when great masters still went in for the more daring and provocative lines of the Vienna.

1) e4,e5; 2) Ktc3,Ktc6; 3) Bc4,Bc5; 4) Qg4,Qf6; 5) Ktd5!?! A Mieses favourite at the time. **Qf2:†; 6) Kd1,Kf8; 7) Kth3,Qd4; 8) d3,d6; 9) Qh4,Bh3:; 10) Qh3:,Kta5** Probably fatal to allow the White R the f-file. Tchigorin offers an analysis that . . . Qf2 might have saved Black's game; **11) Rf1!,Ktc4:; 12) Qd7,f6** No better was . . . Ktf6 which would have allowed a mating attack. As it happened dear old Jacques (not all that old those days) forced the issue in a few moves, and that might serve us as **A**, the 4-pointer for beginners.

My second choice is just as sentimentally motivated, reviving memories of the City of London Chess Club. Here's the position Scott (White against Jacobs) reached in the last pre-war championship of 1914. It earned him the brilliancy prize. /1qr2rk1/pp1ktbpp1/1kt2p1p1/1Ktp5/3PPP2/1B2B3/PP2Q1PP/2R2RK1/.

19) . . . a6; 20) f5!!,c4 Obviously the Kt is taboo on account of 21) fe:,fe:; 22) Be6:†,Kh8; 23) Qg4,etc.; **21) Bc2,ab:; 22)** fe:,fe:; **23) Qg4, Rc6** Nothing else seems any good; **24) e5,Kte5:; 25)** de:,Qe5:; **26) Bb6:, Rb6:; 27) Qg6:,Qe3†; 28) Kh1,Qh6; 29) Qe4,Bf6; 30) Rcd1!** The idea being to counter . . . Bb2: by 31) Rf8:†,Kf8:; 32) Qe1 & 33) Qa5,Rf7; **31) Rf3,Qh4; 32) Rf6:!!,** 1:0.

Just enough space to mention another new publication, Harry Golombek's enlarged and revised edition of *Improve your Chess*, (Pitman's at £2.80).

For 6 ladder-points **B** is a draw and by saying it's the (fairly obvious) escape-into-stalemate theme I am offering a very helpful hint indeed. **C** (for 7) a draw too and I'll offer the one helpful hint that in the main variation White's final (8th) move is very melodramatic indeed. Usual prizes, entries by 26 July.

B: E. Richter 1938: /5kb1/5Bp1/6P1/6P1/p7/8/6PP/6K1/.
C: Leonid Kubbel 1925: /6kt1/8/2p4P/16/r1p3K1/B7/4B1k1/.

Report on No 1387 *Set 25 June*

A: 1) . . Qh2:†!; 2) Kh2:,Rh4†; 3) Kg1,Ktg3; etc.
B: 1) Ktd4†!,Kd5 (best); **2) Qh1†,Kc4; 3) Qf1†, Kc3; 4) Qf3†,Kd2; 5) Qe2†,Kc3; 6) Qc2†,** etc.
C: 1) c6!,bc:; 2) d7,Bc3; 3) Ktd2†,Kc5; 4) Ktb3†, Kc4; 5) Kta5††,Kc5; 6) Ktb7†,Kc4; 7) Ktd6†,Kb3; 8) Kte8!, etc.

Prizes: I. R. Bradley, C. I. M. McSheehy, J. T. Taylor, D. H. R. Stallybrass, J. D. Taylor.

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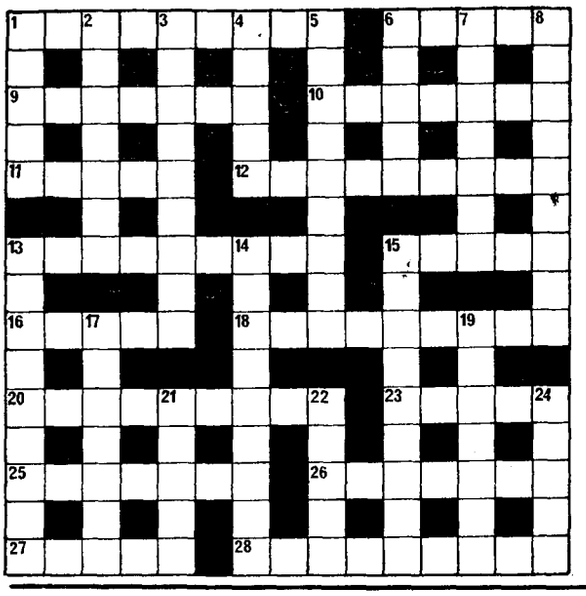
Weekend Crossword 1173

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1173, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 27 July.



ACROSS

1. Author who provides note 2 (4, 5).
6. The bird is about right for an artist (5).
9. Blushing, the girl took it down (7).
10. It is used in the kitchen and in solving riddles (7).
11. Machine which is about an hour slow (5).
12. Charms in stage appearances (9).
13. Certainly not intellectual and possibly too menial (9).
15. Keats said invention was this star of poetry (5).
16. South Americans who appear in thin cashmere shawls (5).
18. Announces conversion of blue ships (9).
20. Racecourse gives worker a cool environment (9).
23. Wrongdoer beheaded but not outside (5).
25. The doctor goes after lighter port (7).
26. Supporter who is a fabulous creature (7).
27. Combat records (5).
28. Pieced together tales spread about agents (9).

DOWN

1. Lily appears up left in this painting (5).
2. Dish which makes a knight rise over a man (7).
3. What players do with the veteran inside scoring (9).
4. Tree which has to exist in drink (5).
5. Place of entertainment where tea starts in the middle of the debris of a big lunch (9).
6. Fur would be provided if one caught a chill in this place (5).
7. Cad and liar turned politician (7).
8. Preserves as an ancient city in the woods (9).
13. Strange spice and precious stone for bishop (9).
14. Corsican coins? (9).
15. Methodist picture (9).
17. King gives honour to French town (7).
19. Information a naughty boy has to hold (7).
21. Limited periods for payment (5).
22. 'To teach the —— idea how to shoot' (Tennyson) (5).
24. Learn badly about part of the body (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1171

Prizewinners to No 1171

David Mezzetti (London WC1)
M. Jones (Nottingham)
Mrs C. M. Covell (Huntingdon)

APPOINTMENTS

UNIVERSITY OF MALAWI
CHANCELLOR COLLEGE

Applications are invited for the following posts in the

DEPARTMENT OF HUMAN BEHAVIOUR:

(a) SENIOR LECTURER/ LECTURER IN PHILOSOPHY

Applicants should have a good first degree plus a higher degree in Philosophy. The appointee will occupy the only post held against Philosophy in the multi-disciplinary department of Human Behaviour. She/he will therefore be expected to relate philosophy to other disciplines rather than teach very narrow specialisms. Research is encouraged and suggestions for new courses in philosophy welcome.

(b) SENIOR LECTURER/ LECTURER IN PSYCHOLOGY

Applicants should have a good honours degree and some relevant teaching and research experience. Holders of a higher degree will have an added advantage.

(c) LECTURER IN SOCIOLOGY

Applicants should have a good honours degree in Sociology as well as a relevant postgraduate qualification, preferably a higher degree. Preference will also be given to an applicant who has experience in teaching History of Sociological Thought to undergraduates.

Salary scales: Senior Lecturer K5,242-K5,881 p.a. Lecturer K2,809-K4,714 p.a. (£ sterling = K1.64). There may be either a University addition of K720 p.a (taxable in Malawi) or the British Government may supplement salaries in range £2,730-£3,630 p.a. (sterling) for married appointees or £2,196-£3,090 p.a. (sterling) for single appointees (normally free of tax) and provide children's education allowances and holiday visit passages. Gratuity of 15%-25%; superannuation scheme transferable with FSSU; family passages; various allowances; biennial overseas leave; housing. Detailed applications (2 copies) including a curriculum vitae and naming 3 referees should be sent by airmail, not later than 20 August 1976, to the Registrar, University of Malawi, University Office, PO Box 278, Zomba, Malawi. Applicants resident in UK should also send 1 copy to Inter-University Council, 90/91 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 0DT. Further particulars may be obtained from either address.

OXFORD AREA ARTS COUNCIL

FIELD OFFICER

Applications are invited for the above position. It is a completely new post in a rapidly changing and challenging environment. The applicant should have interest in the arts, ability to work with people and administrative competence. Likely salary in the region of £3,000 p.a.

Further details from The Chairman, Oxford Area Arts Council, Old Fire Station Arts Centre, 40 George St, Oxford OX1 2AQ. Closing date 6 August.

HOUSING MANAGER

wanted for group of lively new Islington estates, 200 families, active and responsible tenants' association, good caretakers. Will supervise rent collection and maintenance, advise and represent voluntary committee and not least, be our community worker. £4,000 plus for right applicant. Please write to: Julie Kettle, Barnsbury Housing Association, 3 Lonsdale Place, Islington, London N1, or phone 01-607 0837.

PART-TIME
SHORTHAND TYPIST

Children's Home SW18.

Monday - Friday (afternoons) 18 hours per week. Approximately £825 - £1,314 p.a. plus approximately £160 p.a. supplement.

If you are a competent, energetic shorthand typist able to do some Audio work and wishing to escape from the usual office routine to do a more worthwhile job, we need you desperately at Earlsfield House Reception and Assessment Centre.

This is an interesting and vital post requiring someone to undertake duties of a highly confidential nature including typing the psychiatric and psychological reports of the children in care.

If you are interested, Mr Sargeant or Mr Seales will be happy to give you further details (tel: 874 0005). Application forms from Director of Social Services, London Borough of Wandsworth, Town Hall, SW18. Tel: 01-874 6464 ext 472. Please quote reference SS/128.

Closes 30 July 1976.

THE ARTS COUNCIL OF GREAT BRITAIN

DRAMA DIRECTOR

Applications are invited for the post of Drama Director, the Council's chief executive in this field of the arts.

The Drama Director is responsible for developing the Council's drama policy and for the artistic and financial assessorship of drama clients.

The successful candidate will have a wide and deep knowledge of the theatre, and he/she will also have considerable administrative experience, including committee work, finance and staff management.

The salary will be on a scale £9,060-£11,410.

Further details are available from the Secretary-General of the Arts Council, 105 Piccadilly, London W1V 0AU, to whom applications, with the names of three referees, should be sent by 16 August 1976.

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHAMPTON

DEPARTMENT OF POLITICS

Applications are invited for a temporary post of Lecturer of two years *duration* commencing October 1976.

Preference will be given to candidates with an interest in comparative foreign policy and the institutions of the European Communities. An ability to teach in the field of political theory would also be an advantage. It is anticipated that the successful candidate will be appointed on the lower part of the lecturers salary scale of £3,174 - £6,447 per annum.

Applications (7 copies) giving a curriculum vitae and the names of three referees should be sent to Mr A. J. Small, University of Southampton, Highfield, Southampton SO9 5NH, by 28 July 1976, quoting reference 76/79/L.

WORKERS' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION

South-East Scotland District

Applications are invited for the post of

TUTOR-ORGANISER

from graduates with qualifications in the social sciences. Work will be largely in industry and with disadvantaged groups.

Salary: Scale I £2,595 - £2,847 by 2 increments; Scale II £2,973 - £5,262 by 11 increments. Placing according to qualifications and experience. Superannuation scheme.

Further details and application forms from: District Secretary, WEA, Riddle's Court, 322 Lawnmarket, Edinburgh EH1 2PG. Closing date for applications: 28 July 1976.

Southern Arts

LITERARY FELLOWSHIP
1976-1977

Applications are invited from authors of published poetry or fiction for a Writers Fellowship in the Southern Arts region. The appointment will be for a period of ten months beginning in September 1976, and a grant of £2,500 will be offered. The previous fellows were Philip Callow and Vernon Scannell. Further details may be obtained from The Literature Officer, Southern Arts, 19 Southgate Street, Winchester, Hants.

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NATIONAL COUNCIL OF SOCIAL SERVICE

DEPUTY HEAD OF INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT (PRESS AND PUBLIC RELATIONS)

Duties include the continued development of links with Press, Radio and Television; provision of a Public Relations service to the Director and departments of the National Council; sharing responsibility for preparation of articles, briefing papers and evidence to Government Departments on social issues and promotion of NCSS books and publications, including Social Service Quarterly and the monthly News Service.

Qualifications: Relevant experience in the Press and Public Relations field plus a broad knowledge of the social services. The ability to speak and write well is a prerequisite of all aspects of the post. (Applicants invited for interview will be requested to provide samples of written work.)

Salary: £3,945 – £4,945, including London Weighting. 4 weeks annual leave; superannuation scheme; subsidised canteen.

Further details and application form from the Administrator, NCSS, 26 Bedford Square, London WC1B 3HU. 01-636 4066. Closing date 30 July 1976.

PROJECT SECRETARY

required to work with social scientists, undertaking research and change in organisations. Job requires liaison with unions and companies, conference preparation, committee work as well as regular secretarial duties, for which good shorthand/typing will be needed. Commencing salary: £3,000 p.a. Application forms from: **The Tavistock Institute, Room 352, 120 Belsize Lane, NW3.** Telephone 435 7111, Ext. 477.

UNIVERSITY OF MALAWI CHANCELLOR COLLEGE

Applications are invited for the post of

LECTURER IN PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION.

Applicants should have a good degree in Political Science or Public Administration. Possession of a higher degree will be an advantage. Teaching and research or civil service experience in Africa or a developing country would be an advantage. Applicants will be considered in the following areas: organisation theories and behaviour, management, personnel administration, decision making public policy analysis, local administration, public enterprise, introductory political science, comparative politics, comparative public administration and development administration. Applicants must clearly state in their applications the areas of their special interest and competence.

Salary scale: K2,809-K4,714 p.a. £1 sterling = £1.64). Plus either *a University addition of K720 p.a.* (Taxable in Malawi) or the British Government may supplement salary by £2,730 p.a. (sterling) for a married appointee or £2,196 p.a. (sterling) for a single appointee (supplements are usually reviewed annually and normally free of tax) and provide childrens education allowances and holiday visit passages. Gratuity of 15%-25%; superannuation scheme transferable with FSSU; family passages; various allowances, biennial overseas leave; housing.

Detailed applications (2 copies) including a curriculum vitae and naming 3 referees should reach the Acting Registrar, University of Malawi, University Office, PO Box 278, Zomba, Malawi, by 20 August 1976. Applicants in the United Kingdom should send one copy to the Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 90-91 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 0DT.

THE ALCOHOLICS RECOVERY PROJECT

requires a

TEAM LEADER

for its

NEW CAREERS SCHEME

A JOB WITH A CHALLENGE

to work with 4 former clients running a shop-front and 2 rehabilitation houses for homeless alcoholics in Lewisham. The 4 workers aim to develop their skills and confidence as social workers with a view to enhancing their career prospects as well as exploring new methods of working. The Team Leader's task will be to organise the work, to teach the skills and to promote the New Careers concept.

The job requires someone with a basic knowledge and experience of social work, and an understanding of the problems of homeless alcoholics and those who want to help them. An ability to devise imaginative training programmes which are firmly rooted in the work being done is essential.

Salary Range: £3,800-£4,460 incl. London Weighting. Job Description and application form from ARP, 83 Amersham Road, London S.E.14. Tel: 01-692 6106 (24 hour ansaphone).

Closing date for completed application forms: 2 August.

UNIVERSITY OF ASTON IN BIRMINGHAM

TECHNOLOGY POLICY UNIT

RESEARCH FELLOW

A vacancy exists for a Research Fellow with qualifications and experience in one or more of the following or related fields: cost benefit analysis, economic modelling, economics of innovation, economics of pollution. The appointment will be for a period of eighteen months.

Commencing salary within the range £3,174 to £3,990 per annum.

Application forms and further details may be obtained from the Staff Officer (Ref. No. 132/42), University of Aston in Birmingham, Gosta Green, Birmingham B4 7ET to whom applications should be forwarded not later than 30 July 1976.

ALAN SAPPER

needs a

PERSONAL ASSISTANT

Alan Sapper, General Secretary of the ACTT, the dynamic union for film and television staff, urgently requires an efficient personal assistant with shorthand and typing skills. Enthusiasm is essential and experience of the Labour Movement an advantage.

Competitive salary, good conditions plus regular overtime, service increments and 5 weeks holiday. Rush applications with curriculum vitae to Alan Sapper, ACTT, 2 Soho Square, London W1V 6DD.

Applications deadline is 20 July.

International Planned Parenthood Federation

ASSISTANT EDUCATION OFFICER

is required to join a small team involved in developing worldwide an educational programme aimed at increasing understanding and practice of family planning. The successful candidate will be required to assist in building and utilising a collection of resource materials, assembling, processing and disseminating relevant information and experience and monitoring new directions in education applicable to the Federation's programme. He/she will also be expected to undertake research leading to the preparation of specialist papers and case studies and to develop sound background knowledge in specific subject areas such as sex education.

Candidates should have obtained a degree in Liberal Arts or Social Sciences and have three years' experience in a relevant educational field, exercising *research, information and writing* skills. Knowledge of either Spanish or French would be an advantage.

Salary £4,350-£4,464 p.a., plus LV's and other fringe benefits.

The International Planned Parenthood Federation is an international non-governmental organisation with member family planning associations in 90 countries. Financial support is received from governments and voluntary contributions.

The post is situated in the Central Office of the Federation in Lower Regent Street, London.

Please telephone for an application form to:

Personnel Department, IPPF, 18-20 Lower Regent Street, London SW1Y 4PW. Tel: 01-839 2911.

INTERNATIONAL PLANNED PARENTHOOD FEDERATION

FU/BERLIN

At the Free University of Berlin (West)
in the Faculty of Philosophy and Social Sciences
Institute for

East Asian Sciences
Japanese Studies

the position of

PROFESSOR (AH 6)

is now open for applications

DUTIES:

The applicant would have to build up and consolidate teaching and research in the division 'Economy and Society' within the department of Japanese Studies.

Research is to be concentrated on the development of the economic and social structure of modern Japanese society and of its consequences for Asian and other countries.

A thorough empirical foundation in one of the relevant areas — Japanese labour movement, Japanese capitalism, Japanese policy toward other countries — and the readiness to familiarise oneself with each of the others are demanded as well as knowledge of the relevant theories.

In teaching the applicant would have to represent the division 'Economy and Society'.

EMPLOYMENT QUALIFICATIONS:

Employment Qualifications are in accordance with Paragraph 13a of the University Teaching Act (Hochschullehrergesetz).

The applicant is required to have a good knowledge of Modern High Japanese as well as knowledge of Standard Written Japanese (Hyojun-Bungo).

The applicant must have a command of German for teaching.

Applications with the usual supporting documents are to be sent within 8 weeks, under the number 0132, to the Chairman of the Faculty Council — Vorsitzenden des Fachbereichsrates des Fachbereichs 11 — Philosophie und Sozialwissenschaften — Altensteinstrasse 59, 1000 Berlin 33.

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ROSSIE SCHOOL, MONTROSE

Applications are invited for the post of

HEAD

of this List 'D' School for Senior boys, aged 14½ years and over, which will fall vacant on 1 January 1977. The School has accommodation for 90 boys and also has a closed unit for 35 boys. Applicants should be qualified teachers or social workers, and should have had appropriate experience of the residential care of difficult children.

Good administrative experience is essential. Salary is in the range of £6,843 to £9,852 with placing according to qualifications and experience. A four bedroom house is available at a charge, presently, of £20.93 monthly (inclusive of rent and rates) and the successful applicant will be expected to occupy it.

Applicants should give full personal details including information regarding degrees and diplomas obtained, and details of posts held, all with dates. Also included should be the names and addresses of two referees.

Completed applications should be sent to the Official Correspondent, Rossie School, Montrose, Angus DD10 9TW to reach him by 2 August 1976.

Intending applicants may visit the school by appointment with the present Headmaster.

SECRETARY

£3,270

Secretary required for Senior Officer of a Civil Service Trade Union, near Charing Cross. Minimum qualifications shorthand 120 wpm typing 55 wpm. Starting salary £3,270 rising in four years to £3,690. Extra allowances for higher shorthand proficiency. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m., 4 weeks' holiday (this year's arrangements honoured).

Apply by letter giving age, qualifications, experience and daytime telephone number to:

Deputy General Secretary (E.H.),
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Theatres

CHICHESTER. 0243 86333. 15, 17 July at 2.0, 16, 22 July at 7.0 'Twelfth Night'; 15, 17 July at 7.0 'Noah'; Prev. Mon. 19 July at 7.0, 20, 21, 23, 24 July at 7.0, 22 July at 2.0 'The Circle'.

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Meetings

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